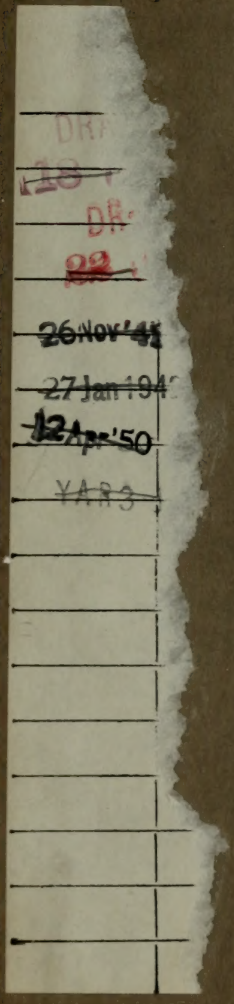


William Penn

THE STORY OF THE WILLIAMS

BY
GRACE HUMPHREY

Author of
"The Story of the Johns"

Illustrated by
HATTIE LONGSTREET PRICE

THE PENN PUBLISHING
COMPANY PHILADELPHIA
1926

The Story of the Williams

Made in the U. S. A.

TO
WILLIAM OTIS HUMPHREY

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Story of the Williams

THE STORY OF THE WILLIAMS

HOW THIS BOOK CAME TO BE

"BILLY," said his grandmother, "I do wish you'd take more pains when you write your name."

"What's the matter with my name?" he questioned as he glanced over her shoulder at the scrawl in one of his school-books.

"Nothing—that's why I can't bear to see you mistreat it. Hand me one of the stories you had when you were seven or eight. There," as she opened his *Robin Hood,* "see how well you formed the letters. Now just look at this!"

She shook her head in serious disapproval and the boy's face too was sober.

"Let's see what you did at four. Isn't there a fairy story on that shelf?"

Billy brought her a Grimm's animal book. On the fly-leaf was his name in careful, even printing.

"Do you remember the game we played when you were learning to spell it? W—double U—we always laughed at that, and I standing all alone, straight and tall."

"Oh yes, and when I couldn't get it right you'd point to your eye to give me a clue."

" And L. ' Turn to the right,' you used to say, ' and another L—that means, always do right. W-I-L-L—Will!' in a burst of triumph."

" But look here, Grandmother, see how badly Shakespeare wrote. Mine's as plain as his," and he pointed convincingly to the signature of the playwright.

" You ought to do better than a boy who lived more than three hundred years ago. Schools have improved. It's not fair to compare your two autographs."

" It's a nice feeling anyway, having the same name—makes you more interested in history class or English if you can say to yourself not just Shakespeare, but Will Shakespeare; not Penn, but William Penn."

" Does it make you proud of your name? Gives you a special interest in the success of the Williams? If you could put them all together, Williams in different countries and different periods in history, you'd have a famous group."

" I'd never thought of it. William this and William that—all my namesakes. Why, it makes them somehow belong to me and me to them. Let's see how many we can find. And you tell me, Grandmother, what they did and why they did it and all the troubles they had getting started.

" See here—didn't you go to Stratford last summer? Begin right off about this Will Shakespeare who scrawled his name—not like school, you know—find three similes in this scene and explain a reference in history, but a really interesting story, the kind you're so good at telling, five times as fine as if we hunted

it up in the cyclopedia. And then tell me about some other Williams. Do say you will."

Of course she said she would. To Stratford-on-Avon they went that very afternoon and to the boy's delight he proved his point—Grandmother could make a story absolutely true, yet fascinating and thrilling. She brought out all her Stratford postcards and told of hearing the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Taming of the Shrew* in the Shakespeare theater on the Avon's bank.

Then came a tale of a Norman William who fought at Hastings and changed the current of English history. And there was another William who for years waged war with the English, defeating, defeated, yet never surrendering, always insisting that in the end Scotland would be free.

Grandmother found a William in Holland with a queer name that didn't belong to him, if you took it literally—the maker of Holland, the father of his country; and one in Switzerland, a bold and fearless crossbowman, nothing more than a legend, say some people, but a legend old enough and splendid enough to make a thrilling tale.

Billy begged for a story of Penn, the gentle Quaker, and laughed to hear that recently Westminster Abbey refused a tablet in his memory because space could be given only to Englishmen. The boy had forgot, if he ever knew it, that Marconi's name was William; so he was surprised to have a story of our own day about a miracle of science.

Then with a jump of two centuries they looked on while

another William built up an empire and traced out on the maps the enormous territory he gained for England. Here and there his success tied up with American history and battles in the New World and then Billy told and his grandmother listened.

In Boston they met a crusading William, much frowned upon by staid Bostonians. Why, once a mob of the city's most respectable people threatened to tar and feather him and actually dragged him through the streets with a rope around his neck—and later put up a bronze statue in his honor.

"Wasn't there ever a saint named William?"

"Yes, but he wasn't called that," and Grandmother launched into a tale of a pawnbroker's clerk who carried on a warfare against sin and poverty, making better men and women from the outcasts of society.

And here are the stories for you to share with Billy.

A DOOR TO THE LAND OF FANCY

William Shakespeare: 1564–1616

"OH mother, it was a gallant show! If you could have seen the rousing thwacks the play-actors rained on the clown! If you'd heard the brave speech about England and the roar of applause it got! Why, even the gentry from Shottery who sat on the stage clapped their hands. Mother dear, don't women ever go to the play?"

Mistress Shakespeare shook her head laughing.

"Nay, Will, stage-plays are not for the women folk. What, with all the fighting and pitched battles and the dead king carried off at the end? But I saw you and Ned and Jem with your three-legged stools, just before you turned in at the guild-

hall. I was there by the town pump, lad, hanging out the linen to dry on the market cross—there wasn't any market to-day."

"To be sure, it's a holiday for all of Stratford. Wasn't it a streak of luck for us, with no Latin lessons to learn when the players came? Why, I'm the luckiest boy in all Warwickshire!"

"Come, tell me about it whilst I keep my hands busy with my knitting. Can you start at the first now and give me the whole of it?"

"Oh, the first's easy to tell. Drums and trumpets when the players came into Stratford this morning—we heard 'em before they got to the old bridge. Henley Street's not so far off. Didn't you hear the trumpet, mother?"

"Why, so I did when I was weeding the herb bed in the garden."

"They wore scarlet caps and scarlet tabards with the Earl of Leicester's coat of arms. They had a great banner too, and packhorses with their costumes. And they'd come all the way from London town—that's eighty miles and more.

"And everybody cheered and cheered them. We lads shouted with the rest—'Hurrah for good Queen Bess and the Earl's players!' And then 'Hurrah for a holiday from grammar school!' Then the men back of us cried, 'Hurrah for a free play in Stratford town!' Not a shilling to pay, mother, not even a ha'penny."

"Aye, your father told me last night the magistrates were

to pay—nine shillings, I believe it was. Wait—isn't that someone in the shop?"

"I'll see."

He skipped gaily into the shop where Master John Shakespeare carried on his business in leather and wool, in malt and corn. A large room it was, half of the big double house of timber and plaster. Will answered the questions of a neighbor and said his father'd be home at candle-lighting.

"How the boy loves a play!" his mother was thinking. "He's not been so excited for weeks and months. He's pestered me with questions a poor body couldn't say yes or no to —would it be a real stage-play? not just a puppet show? and not a sober religious play either—like the ones the grey friars give at Coventry? I hope the lads got places where they could see if they stood up on their stools.

"But what a throng it was we saw crowding into the guildhall—marketmen and farmers, shopkeepers, all the burgesses, and my good man at their head, now he's bailiff of Stratford. What did Sir Thomas Lucy mean, I wonder, as he watched them too and shook his head and muttered that players were idle rogues and rascals and saucy varlets that ought to be put in the stocks and whipped?"

"We boys talked and joked like the grown-ups," Will went on with his story, "and munched apples and cakes and nuts. Just at three o'clock the trumpet sounded—that meant the play would begin, and everyone was quiet—for a bit.

"First came the Prologue in his black velvet cloak. When

he stepped out from the curtains, mother, it was like—like opening a door into the land of fancy. I can't find the words to tell you—oh yes, it's easy to say it was a gallant show with plenty of jests and nonsense, with a great thwacking of sticks and tumbling about. Men roared till they held their sides. They laughed and cried in turn. They nodded their heads soberly at the king's sad speech. All that's just the outside part. You imagine—you imagine—how it thrills you! how it makes you feel excited here—and here." He put his hand up to his head, then over his heart. His hazel eyes were very bright. "It was all so wonderful," he added simply.

To the boys of Stratford it was a marvelous experience. The costumes seemed rich and splendid, the armor gorgeous, though in truth they were poor enough. What cared they if a regiment numbered only a half dozen soldiers? if scenery there was none at all? They could draw on their imaginations. The day was never to be forgotten. Often they spoke of it when years later they saw another play about that English king.

Most of all was it remembered by the bailiff's son, Will Shakespeare. For him it opened a door into the land of fancy, a door that was never to be closed.

"Mother," he said suddenly when he'd finished his account of the players, "I'd like to be one of 'em. That's better than trying to learn Greek and Latin at the grammar school. I'd like to be a play-actor. I want to write songs to put into their plays and rhymes for them to say."

"I wonder now," thought Mistress Shakespeare, "what's coming of all this. Players can't count for much if they have to go under the earl's protection. Yet the queen, God bless her! goes to the play—she did in Coventry, not so many miles from here. And what a splendid show Leicester gave when she visited Kenilworth! The whole countryside talked of nothing else.

"Will's to be apprenticed to a butcher and learn to tan skins, my good man says. And I had a dream he'd farm my fifty acres. Now here's the lad talking so fine about play-acting. I do wish he could have more schooling, for he's only thirteen. But he's learned a good bit and he's always reading a book."

Seven years old Will was when he started to grammar school—the very school you can visit to-day on Church Street in Stratford. The high-peaked roof and broad, low windows, the latticed panes and long desks and settles are unchanged. The caretaker will point out the corner where tradition says the boy Shakespeare sat at the right of the master's desk.

What did he learn at school? "Small Latin and less Greek," his good friend Ben Jonson declared. There are, alas! no records to tell us whether he made high marks or not. But he learned enough Latin to manage a quotation, enough to get a plot, enough to make his own translation when there was none to be had. He could do this in French and Italian too.

And where, if not in the Stratford school, did he get his interest in reading? Books on every subject he read all his

life long, and mastered them. Plutarch's Lives he knew, the Arthur stories, Chaucer and Spenser, the English Bible, and more than one collection of chronicles and ballads.

Other things he learned during his boyhood. He knew all the plants and flowers and trees for miles around, knew and loved them so that he could describe them with wonderful accuracy. He knew the old church by the river Avon, old even in his day, for it goes back to the time of the Normans. He knew probably Warwick castle and Kenilworth.

He knew too the simple, honest people of the town who plied their trades, and the country folk with their queer superstitions, their charms to keep off evil, their love-philters and aids from the fairies. Oh, men and women, flowers and buildings he knew by heart and could transplant them from Stratford to the land of fancy.

"No more school, Will," announced the bailiff one morning when his son was about fourteen. "The business isn't doing well. It's struck a piece of bad luck. I need your earnings."

Did he go into his father's shop? or to the butcher's? Was he for a while a lawyer's clerk? or school-teacher? Did he kill a deer on Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds because they wanted food? And was he caught and whipped by the angry Sir Thomas, and wrote an abusive rhyme in reply and so had to leave home?

Take your choice of all these stories. This much is sure: he married Anne Hathaway from Shottery when he was eighteen and she was twenty-six. Was it a true love-match?

and did they live happily together ever after? I can't tell you. Tradition calls him an unfortunate husband and thus explains the fact that for a dozen years or more he lived in London while she stayed on in Stratford in the house on Henley Street.

Did she perhaps make the journey with him once or twice? Did she feel out of place in the great city, she a farmer's daughter and, as some say, a strict puritan? Wasn't it her duty to stay with the children? Well, whether he loved her deeply or not, after fortune smiled upon him he went back to his family in Stratford; and in his will he left to his wife his second-best bed and its furnishings.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Three years or maybe five after his marriage Shakespeare left Anne and the children —Susannah and the twins, Judith and Hamnet—and went to London town. What a place it was during the reign of Elizabeth! It had two hundred thousand people and Stratford had say fifteen hundred. It had the busy Thames with tall masts of brown-sailed ships from China and Turkey and the New World—very new it was then!—and pleasure boats and flocks of white swans.

It had famous buildings—St. Paul's and the Tower and Westminster Abbey. It had palaces and markets and taverns and bear-gardens, and street after street of fine houses, and shop after shop where you could buy gold cups from Venice, and carpets and shawls from the East, and silver captured from a Spanish treasure-ship. It had rich trade from every corner of the earth.

Best of all it had the queen and her court. Explorers and artists and statesmen and poets and heroes of the sea paid her homage. Ambassadors from France and Denmark and Spain came and went. The narrow streets and the river were crowded with all sorts and conditions of men—knights and courtiers, scholars and country squires, sailors and priests and serving-men, handsome pages in rainbow-colored cloaks, sturdy craftsmen from the guilds, stalwart yeomen of the guard in the royal livery, nobles in velvet and cloth-of-gold, highwaymen—all these made up the town within the gray walls of London. All these the young man from Stratford came to know well. A favorable setting for a genius.

"What a big part the court plays in the city's life!" he exclaimed. "The queen never goes abroad without an immense retinue in brilliant costumes. Trumpeters announce her approach. Her barge on the Thames is trimmed with silk and velvet, the high carved stern painted with England's golden lions. Why, it's as good as a play! London's like a cup of wine. I'll drink deeply of all the experience it offers me."

One other thing there was that drew young Shakespeare like a magnet—the theater. No, it wasn't in London either, but outside the city.

"We'll have no playhouse within the walls," announced the magistrates. "Where crowds are gathered 'tis easier to spread the plague. Let the actors go across the Thames where there are open fields."

"'Tis the players themselves," some commented, "are the

whole cause of the dreaded plague, for the acting of plays is a sinful thing!"

In the theaters on the river bank worked a brilliant group of young men—actors, writers, managers. Soon Will Shakespeare was thoroughly at home among them. "The sweetest fellow of us all," they described him. Everybody liked him, for he had a winning, lovable personality, a sunny nature, a gay and eager interest in life. And besides all this he had genius.

If he began, as the old story tells, with a job that didn't even take him inside the playhouse—holding the horses of the gaily dressed nobles who came to see the comedy—he didn't stay long at the foot of the ladder. Climbing was not toil but a game. Shortly he was acting and writing too. His busy pen began its magic work.

How did he start? With two long poems—an old Greek myth and an incident from early Roman history. So popular were they that edition after edition came out during his lifetime. Then he did a hundred and fifty sonnets, circulated in manuscript long before they were printed.

Scholars have searched in vain to find out the dark lady and the rival poet they were written to. Actual people or creatures of his imagination? Is the sonnets' tragedy of love and friendship a chapter of autobiography, or is all this emotion just a young man's poetic exercises?

Either way, where can you equal them for exquisite beauty of thought, for mastery of words? If he'd never written any-

thing else the sonnets would put Will Shakespeare in the first group of lyric poets. Yet some people never read them and know him only for his plays.

Now the task of an Elizabethan dramatist was not so important as to-day, or indeed as it was to become within a few years. A plot was common property. Any manager could use it. He could translate, cut, add to the dialogue. Afraid to try something absolutely new, he'd rather take an old piece that had proved popular and freshen it up a bit.

"Here," he'd say to Shakespeare, "see what you can make of this. Give the king more to say—at least one speech about the glory of England. That'll fetch us applause surely."

"A couple of songs too?"

"Yes, and more fighting, and a dance to end with. That'll please the crowd and they'll come again. What they want is to be amused, remember."

At first probably the newcomer from Stratford shared this revising of old plays with one or two or three others. Nobody cared who did the work. Everyone helped with suggestions when the lines were read aloud at some favorite tavern. The whole group sat around joking, smoking, drinking, criticising.

Did any of them guess that one of their fellowship—what we'd call to-day a stock company—would be the most famous of all the famous men of that Elizabethan period? that his plays would be the greatest treasure in the English language? that because of him Stratford would be a shrine for literary pilgrims from all the world?

In five years' time, and perhaps in less his apprenticeship was over. He'd made a reputation for himself as actor and as playwright. No, he didn't invent the historical play or the romantic comedy or the tragedy of blood and revenge. He followed a trail others had blazed, but followed it to popular success.

"How well he understands!" cried the enthusiastic Londoners. "He makes us weep over his wretched queens, his unhappy kings, his murdered princes. He makes us laugh with his clowns and fools. He makes us young again with his lovers."

"What's that? There are greater actors than our Will Shakespeare? True—Alleyn and Burbage—"

"Yes, they can act. 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' made Dick Burbage's reputation. But he couldn't have acted Richard III if our Will hadn't written the part for him."

"Yes, yes, we agree. No one else writes such plays."

And they crowded the theater whenever one was given. The company he joined—the Earl of Leicester's men—was one of the most popular in London. Soon his work made it the most successful. They gave performances before the queen more than once—not in the playhouse, of course, but at Greenwich palace and at Windsor.

Elizabeth was delighted with *Henry IV* and laughed heartily at the braggart Falstaff with his band of roisterers and thieves. She summoned the author.

"Go on with the story," she commanded, "and give us a sequel. Let me see the fat knight in love. In a fortnight—can you do it?"

And tradition adds that Will Shakespeare actually finished the play in two weeks, so that it was acted for the queen before the Christmas holidays ended. Its name? *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

When James I came to the throne the royal favor was even greater. This group was licensed as the king's company. The records tell of at least a dozen court performances. The new ruler made a formal entry into London and nine actors in scarlet cloaks walked in the procession. In the treasurer's quaint expense book Shakespeare's name stands first in the list: four yards of scarlet cloth for each, five pounds and thirteen shillings.

How much did this playwright earn? About a hundred pounds a year as an actor, with extra money for appearances at court. You must multiply by eight to translate it into pounds to-day. Then say ten pounds for a play—the average price for that time. Now add his share in the profits of the Globe theater, built by his friend Burbage. Roughly speaking five thousand dollars a year.

At thirty-three he had income enough to buy a home in Stratford—New Place in Chapel Street—and it cost him sixty pounds. Later he bought more property in the town—over a hundred acres in all—ploughed land, pasture, a cottage with its garden. He owned a house in London and doubtless spent

QUEEN ELIZABETH SUMMONED WILL SHAKESPEARE AND COMMANDED, "GIVE US A SEQUEL WITH THE FAT KNIGHT IN LOVE"

there the busy months of the theatrical season, with visits home now and then to see his family.

When he sold his share in the Globe he gave up London town and settled at Stratford for good and all. To the lad who dreamed of the Earl of Leicester's players success had come—not late in life, but at forty-eight—what we call middle age. He was no longer "Master Will Shakespeare, play-actor," with the slur and contempt that went with the word in Elizabethan times, but "Mr. William Shakespeare, Gentleman."

Happy years those were. He wrote no more plays, but lived quietly in Stratford, busy with the details of his fields and gardens, and especially happy with his little granddaughter, Bess Hall—did he name her for the queen? And every person of importance who came to town was entertained at New Place.

For a brief four years he led the contented life of a country gentleman. Then in April of 1616 when spring had come to the valley of the Avon and hedges were pink and white with hawthorn bloom, this playwright died of a fever. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity church—the church where he'd been christened in that very month of April. You know the curious verse that marks his grave:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed heare;
> Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

Tradition says he wrote it himself, suiting its words to the

minds of clerks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant set of men. So binding was it that when his wife and later his daughter Judith wished their bodies laid with his, a great protest arose and they were buried near by.

On the chancel wall a monument was placed—a half-length colored bust that shows Shakespeare writing. It was made by a Dutch stonecutter, perhaps copied from a portrait or from a mask. As a piece of art it has no great merit. But it's interesting because it was given by the poet's children, and because the dignified epitaph in English and Latin tells us that men realized his greatness at that early date.

Of all the famous men in literature there's not one of whom we know so little as of this playwright from Stratford. Know by reliable records, I mean, not by hearsay. If you count church registers and dry legal papers—deeds and lawsuits over small sums of money—there are perhaps a score that refer to him. A meager story pieced out with doubtful traditions and wild guesses and surmises. If you ask why he is great you'll find the answer in his plays.

During his lifetime less than half of them were published—in little pamphlets that cost sixpence each.

"Why should anyone print a play?" asked people in the Elizabethan period. "Plays are to be acted on the stage, not read at home. If men read them who'll go to the theater to see them given?"

Some years after his death two actors, old friends of Will Shakespeare, collected and published all his plays in the famous

"first folio." They sold the book for a pound, not for their own profit or fame, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare."

"What good paper it's printed on—better than most Bibles!" grumbled a puritan.

Fortunate for the world of letters, wasn't it? To-day there are only a few copies in existence. A public library or a private collection that can boast a "first folio" is rich indeed. Not long ago one was auctioned off in London for over eight thousand pounds.

For three centuries and more these plays have lived. In all literature no others have been so studied, so debated. A whole library has grown up about Will Shakespeare—books by hundreds, books by thousands. Famous composers have written the music for his songs. The greatest actors, from Dick Burbage to Booth and Barrett of your grandfather's time, to Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving in London, and on to to-day, have been hailed as great when they made his people live again—King Lear in the storm, the pompous Dogberry, Lady Macbeth urging on her lord, the constant Imogen, Ariel and Prospero making a tempest at will, Titania in love with Bottom when he wears the ass's head, Malvolio and Richard III, Iago duping the Moor, the heiress of Belmont arguing with the Jewish money-lender for mercy, and Hamlet hesitating to avenge his father—what infinite variety!

Is Shakespeare popular nowadays? See the wide choice offered you in a bookshop—editions with notes and helps of every

sort, with old woodcuts or modern paintings or stage photographs, to suit every taste and every purse.

And this is true for more than the English-speaking countries. These plays are translated into every language of Europe. Some friends of ours found them in Japanese and Chinese, even in Hindustani. Aren't you glad we can read them in the original?

You and your sister began them long ago, didn't you? Right after *Mother Goose* you learned some of the songs and you've never forgotten them—" Come unto these yellow sands " and " Under the greenwood tree," and " For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

If you want more proof that we moderns care for this Elizabethan playwright, think what a demand there is for seats at the theaters, no matter whether they're giving *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It* or *Henry VIII.* Always a clamor for tickets for Will Shakespeare's plays.

How many are there in a complete set? For years this was a matter of debate. Several that were passed off as his have been proved false. Some we know he did only in part.

" I'll write this scene in *Henry VI,*" you can imagine one of the group at the Mermaid Tavern saying, " and you do that one, Will—with brave Talbot, the terror of the French, and his sturdy son. The scene in the Temple garden where they pick the red and the white roses—of course you must write that. What—you won't have time for Jack Cade and his mob? Well, start it and let someone finish it."

Seven plays were thus done in collaboration, scholars now agree. That leaves thirty that are wholly Shakespeare's own. He was a steady worker, and it's not impossible to believe he turned out the two a year tradition mentions. For if we accept the earliest date for *Henry VI* and the latest for *Two Noble Kinsmen,* he was writing for two and twenty years.

Next you want to know how many kinds of plays he did? Three kinds. Let's look them over on the shelf here. This and this and that are historical. Probably they were the first choice with the audience of his own day. The court outweighed all the rest of London's life. Knights and lords and ambassadors with their retainers and hangers-on were constantly in the public eye. A similar procession of kings and queens and dukes marches across the Shakespeare stage. From Norman times to the reign of Elizabeth's father he gives a splendid panorama of the great events of English history, as interesting, as romantic as a fairy tale.

It was during the long rule of good Queen Bess that England took her proud position among the nations of Europe. The Spanish Armada was very recent. Men were suddenly aware of the power and greatness of their country. There was a wave of patriotism that loudly applauded the exploits of any British king.

Almost as popular were these three, plays from Roman history. The funeral orations over Julius Cæsar, the mother of Coriolanus saving Rome, Mark Antony dallying with Cleopatra—didn't these give you more vivid pictures than any text-

book at school? For three hundred years and more Shakespeare's been the foremost teacher of history.

Here's a second group of comedies, plays of fancy and imagination, of the joy of life, written when the author's heart was full of sunshine, with just a touch of seriousness here and there. Which ones have you seen? *Midsummer Night's Dream* given out of doors, with quick changes from fairy world to clowns at rehearsal and the duke's court. *As You Like It* in your camp last summer, where you boys roamed through the forest of Arden and Rosalind in her page's costume laughed at the lovesick Orlando. The *Merchant of Venice* and *Winter's Tale* you went to with your grandfather, didn't you? Oh yes, you've read the *Tempest* and one other, about the woman with the sharp tongue—that must have been the *Taming of the Shrew.* A fine beginning.

Then here's a last group—tragedies that show the waste and the suffering of life. I suppose most people, students and actors and editors, call these plays the finest of all. *King Lear* and his three daughters, the two who profess to love him more than themselves, yet fling him out into the night, and Cordelia who couldn't express her love in words, but helps him in his need. *Hamlet,* prince of Denmark, who hears from his father's ghost—Will Shakespeare used to play the ghost—the tale of his uncle's treachery, but draws back irresolute at the moment of vengeance; and interwoven with this Ophelia's love-story with its unhappy ending. *Macbeth* where conscience proves greater than ambition in the struggle with crime—this

you studied at school, didn't you? *Othello* where two hearts are pitifully broken by the villanies of Iago, with the help of so slight a thing as a lady's handkerchief. And *Romeo and Juliet,* the most famous lovers in all the world.

Where did he get ideas for so many plays? So far as we know not one describes an experience of his own life. He found his plots in chronicles of English history, in Plutarch, in Italian and French tales of love and adventure and revenge. Here, there, anywhere he borrowed. No matter, his imagination plus his skill with words made them his for all time. It's only a genius who can take an idea from a book and write a play that stands the test of centuries.

Now he betters the original by doubling. In the *Comedy of Errors* he has twin slaves as well as twin masters who are constantly mistaken for each other. Then he weaves two or even three plots into one. How skilfully he joins the tale of Portia who must choose a husband by the device of the three caskets, to the story of the merchant of Venice who promises to forfeit a pound of flesh if he fails to pay promptly his debt to the Jew.

Novels, books of history, Elizabethan pamphlets made up a literary lumber yard where any playwright could take a few boards and build what he liked. Will Shakespeare built an Aladdin palace such as has never been equaled. The magic he spread over the face of nature, turning this working-day world into a land of fancy, the beauty of his blank verse, the greatness of his thoughts place him above all the writers of his age, indeed of any age. Has he no rival? Possibly Æschylus. In

the trio of supreme greatness in letters his name stands with Homer's and Dante's.

But—argue the critics—but he breaks the rules of art. He has no unity of time or place. He mixes tragic and comic. He has too few rôles for women. He uses an improbable story. Sometimes he's careless—as when he has a ship go near to Milan, or in a Roman play has a clock strike when clocks hadn't been invented. Well, grant all that. He's the exception that proves the rule.

I want you to read and study his plays. Then go to see them on the stage. That gives them the breath of life, a variety and richness you can only guess at from the printed page. Go every time you have the opportunity, for opportunities are all too few. The splendid costumes, the miracle of modern lighting, the beauty of the music will add to your enjoyment if you have some foundation to build on, if you're familiar with the lines.

How was a play given in Shakespeare's day? Let's pretend we're Londoners and walk through the narrow streets from St. Paul's to the river, hail a boatman, and row down the Thames to Blackfriars, or shall we go to the new playhouse, the Globe? The flag's flying over the wooden building—that means there's a performance to-day. Here's the boy giving out playbills. Printed in red? We'll hear a tragedy. Perhaps Dick Burbage will be the star.

What throngs of men are streaming in! It's nearly three o'clock. Oh no, they didn't give plays in the evening—torch-

light wasn't satisfactory. Shall we find a place in the line waiting to get into the pit? That'll cost a penny for standing room—in what we call the orchestra. Or shall we be noblemen and sit on the stage itself—for a shilling? or in one of the galleries for half a crown?

Why aren't there any women in the audience? They never went in the Elizabethan period. Well, now and then a few perhaps who sat in the gallery, hidden by their masks. Women actors? None at all. Boys played those rôles—that explains why so many of Shakespeare's women disguise themselves in doublet and hose—Viola as the page in *Twelfth Night,* Portia and Nerissa in the *Merchant,* and Rosalind. Yet his women are gentle folk, charming and refined, with exquisite and gracious qualities. Perhaps an audience all of men explains too the amount of slapstick comedy and the rollicking fun of clowns and fools.

How does the theater look on the inside? An earthen floor, a stage covered with rushes. No curtains save at the two entrances at the back. What a long distance for the actors to walk when a scene's over! That's why a comedy often ends with a dance, a tragedy with a funeral procession—*Hamlet,* you know, and *As You Like It* and *Much Ado.* How else get people off the stage? How carry out the bodies of the dead?

Scenery there is none. A placard announces "This is Verona" or "A street in Venice." Your imagination must do the rest. That's better than the most skilful stage carpen-

ter, once you've opened the door into the land of fancy. And because there are no sets to be changed the intermissions are very short. Two hours will finish the performance.

But never mind the lack of scenery. There's plenty to catch and hold your eye—processions and embassies and battles, sometimes elaborate properties, and the most lavish costumes. Why, an actor's coat costs more than the poor author got for his play!

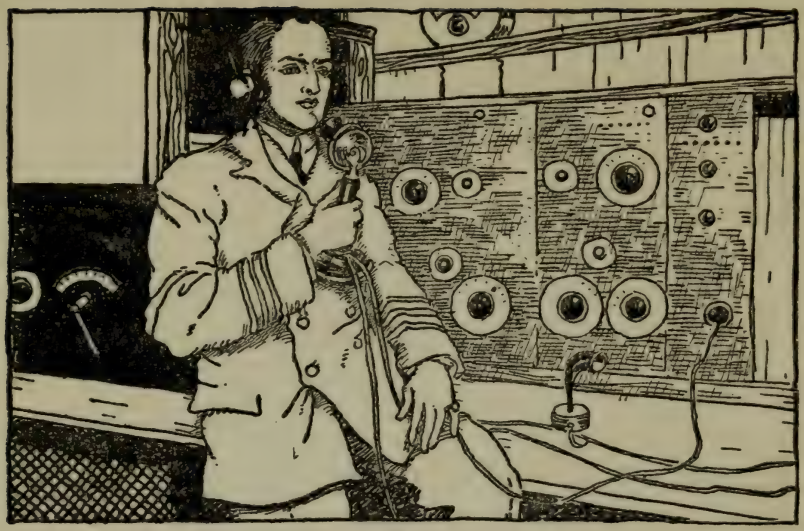
Interesting, isn't it, that now after a long period of more and more expensive stage settings, we're going to the other extreme and giving Shakespeare in an Elizabethan fashion with the simplest hangings and the fewest possible properties?

Did the playwright die, like Columbus, not knowing the high place he had achieved? There was a period when men changed his lines as they liked, when they gave a happy ending to *King Lear*. For some years there was a lively debate as to whether or not he wrote these dramas. Was Shakespeare the *nom de plume* for a group of playwrights? for a baronet? for Lord Bacon? Pro and con this question was discussed. Here and there scholars dug up stray facts and fitting them all together have brought up information that makes us believe absolutely in Will Shakespeare and his work.

To-day all the world does him honor. He's the boast and the glory of Stratford-on-Avon. A quaint and fascinating little town it is with many treasures—the house on Henley Street where he was born, with its garden planted with trees and flowers mentioned in the plays, the grammar school in the guild-

hall, the fountain where used to be the old market cross, the church on the river bank where the Shakespeare family lie buried, Judith's married home on Bridge Street, the town hall with the poet's statue given by David Garrick, the site of his house, New Place, torn down more than two centuries ago, and a short distance away the Shakespeare Memorial—museum and library and theater all in one, where every year in April some of the plays are given.

A mile to the west is the hamlet of Shottery where lived Anne Hathaway in a half-timbered farmhouse with a thatched roof and lovely old-fashioned garden. Cottage and town and fair countryside have changed but little. They must have looked about the same when young Will Shakespeare strolled along the footpath from Stratford on a midsummer night, and saw the fairies dancing in the moonlight amid the golden primroses and the violets.



THE MAN WHO MADE AN ELECTRIC BRIDGE

Guglielmo Marconi: 1874—

"LOOK—what in the world's that? Stop, driver," called out one of the tourists in the carriage. "How do I say 'stop a minute?' Oh yes—*aspetta, aspetta.*"

The cabman pulled up obediently. The English lady and the two men stood up and stared over the garden wall. At what? at some poles. A tall young man was fixing a little tin box on top of one and calling out to his friend who was climbing up a step-ladder by another, "Ready? Touch the key twice."

"*Parla italiano,*" they heard.

"*Si, si. Pronto? Tocca la chiave due volte. Aspetta—due volte.*"

Strange, wasn't it? one of them talking English. Why, he didn't look like an Italian—too serious and too sober.

The cabman shook his head at their questions, but a few rods farther on stopped to speak to a gentleman standing in a private road that led back to a farmhouse. Then he turned to the tourists and tried to explain—that was Signor Marconi who owned this big farm; his son Guglielmo it was in the garden, trying to do something with electricity. Still puzzled the English party drove back to Bologna and never knew that on a pleasant morning in 1895 they'd chanced on the last step in the most fascinating invention of modern times.

Much thought and planning, much reading and study were back of those little tin boxes on the poles. Now all was ready for the test. Enrico from the step-ladder touched the Morse key twice. With tense nerves Guglielmo waited across the garden.

Suddenly he heard a burr-rr-r. His blue eyes flashed. His heart gave a leap. A long and a short sound, a long and a short sound his receiver caught. The first wireless message had been sent!

" That's a fine instrument," Enrico began as they walked up to the farmhouse. " Your father's awfully generous with you, isn't he? Does he let you spend any amount of lira for wiring and Morse keys and that new sounder? "

" Yes, he is generous with me. But then he understands I'm in earnest. This isn't just play, you see."

" Well I know that. A long time ago you began experi-

menting and you've kept at it steadily—eight years now, isn't it? Fussing with batteries and Leyden jars on every half-holiday. And it was the same while you were at school in England. Your letters would tell me about a cricket game at Rugby in one short sentence and then two whole pages about something you were doing with electricity."

"Cricket's all right for English boys, Enrico. But it's not half as fascinating as physics. The more you study and think and experiment, the more alluring it is."

"How long have you been working on this one thing?"

"Nearly a year. But I started thinking it out four years ago. If we've succeeded to-day, succeeded beyond the shadow of a doubt, can I make it practical before some great scientist announces that he's discovered a way?"

"But what makes you think anyone else is interested in telegraphing without wires?"

"Why, scientific men all over the world read those articles about the Hertz discoveries, the ones Professor Righi loaned me, you know. And if they gave me the idea that electric waves traveling through the ether could carry a message without wires, they could have given it to somebody else. Do you know, every time I pick up a magazine I'm afraid I'll find some German or Englishman or Frenchman has perfected his instruments and can send wireless messages. But nobody has—yet."

"Was it really our professor at the university here gave you a start?"

"Yes. He and I did all the experiments Hertz published. This German professor was working before a group of his students, you know, when he made his great discovery—that electricity sent from a Leyden jar through a flat coil of wire would start up a current in a second coil, if there was a gap; when the current jumped the gap, the spark set up electric waves that traveled to the other coil. You see? without wires he could send out electric waves."

"Well, was the great Professor Hertz trying a new scheme to telegraph?"

"No, no, he was studying light waves. There's the thing that marks him as a great scientist—he found a secret of nature's and began studying it. It's only just that we call them Hertzian waves."

"See here, Guglielmo Marconi," said his friend, "this is the thing that marks you as a great inventor—you read a magazine article on these marvelous Hertzian waves and you have the mind trained to think, and the imagination to see what could be accomplished through this discovery, and the perseverance to study out your problem and push it through to success!"

"Don't talk like that. I'm only a beginner without any experience. I'm a mere boy in science. But I dream—I dream of messages carried by the Hertzian waves from town to town, from ship to shore, from one continent to another. Wait—give me time."

"A few months more, then give it up."

"Give up? I must work it out. I knew that day at the university when I came face to face with the problem that I couldn't stop till I'd found the way—the way to wireless a message. Come back to the garden with me. I want to measure the exact distance between those two poles—how many meters should you think it was? I can't put it down in the book till I'm absolutely sure."

Day after day young Marconi worked at his experiments. He changed the position of a box. He adjusted the telegraph key in circuit with the spark-gap. Farther and farther apart he placed his poles. Soon the garden was too small a laboratory.

"Certainly, certainly," answered his father when he asked permission to carry on some experiments on a larger scale, "the whole farm's yours, my son. Go where you like and do what you please. You're on the right track at last? How far can you send now? Half a mile? Splendid! Are you ready to report to the king?"

"Oh no, not yet, not yet. I must be sure, father."

"Where's your weak point?"

"My receiver. From the sender the waves spread out in every direction, but they get weaker and weaker. I need a more sensitive receiver. Give me time."

The whole Marconi estate became an experimenting room. Many things the young scientist learned—that sunshine or rain made no difference in the Hertzian waves, fog or storm; that the higher his poles were the farther he could send—six feet up,

a hundred yards; fourteen feet, three times that far. Steady, patient work and he could send two miles.

" But I'm not satisfied," he replied seriously when his father congratulated him. " Two miles isn't enough. If I can wireless two miles, I can wireless two hundred miles; then why not two thousand? "

He took out a patent in Italy and applied for one in England. He wrote to the post-office in London—the telegraph belongs to the government in England, you know, and is part of the postal service; an unusual letter it must have been, for it brought a prompt answer.

" Will you come to London and show what you can do? "

How astonished those British scientific men were when he arrived! A quiet, retiring Italian of twenty-one who spoke English as well as they did—did I say that his mother was Irish?—and stated facts about wireless telegraphy, not theories. Every kindness they showed him. They gave him every opportunity to work out his plans. The chief engineer of the telegraph bureau offered his own laboratory for experimenting.

At the House of Commons he set up his sending instruments and wirelessed across the Thames—a fraction of a mile. From the roof of the London post-office he sent messages to other buildings. Over houses, through brick walls, across a great plain the waves went.

" Higher, higher still," Marconi argued. " How can we get up higher? That's the one way to send farther."

" Could you use kites and balloons? We'll ask some army officers to help. They have the equipment."

They sent up balloons and kites with fine wire running alongside the string down to the sending and receiving instruments. Over and over the kites were torn to pieces in a gale. The balloons covered with tinfoil were destroyed or were wrenched loose and hurried off in mad glee. The wind refused to help Marconi. It turned his tools into playthings. But the young Italian refused to give up. Soon he could send eight miles—ten—the next month twelve.

" Why not try a mast? " someone suggested.

To the Isle of Wight he went with a group of naval officers. On the shore they set up a mast a hundred and twenty feet high. A sixty-foot mast they placed on a steamer. Each had a sending instrument and a receiver. Back and forth flashed the messages as the boat moved farther and farther from shore. No matter what the weather, no matter how rough the waves Marconi worked day in and day out.

Suddenly there'd come a pause. The burr-r-r would cease. On land they'd adjust their instruments. The inventor would hurry out to the steamer and make some little change there, trying this, trying that till the signals came through again. Ahead they'd move a short distance and another breakdown would develop. The boat would ease up and more improvements would be made. A slow and tedious job in those cold wintry months.

At the end of eight weeks the boat had worked its way across

the Channel to the mainland—fourteen miles as the crow flies. Clear and distinct came the messages. Wireless telegraphy was no longer a toy for scientists, a fascinating experiment in a laboratory. It was ready now for the practical world of affairs.

In July of that year—1898—came its first try-out in business. There was to be a regatta at Kingston. An enterprising Dublin newspaper asked Marconi to fit up a sending station on a boat which would follow the yachts, and another on land—about twenty-five miles off. Long-distance telephone would relay the messages to the paper. The plan worked out most successfully.

"All about the regatta at Kingston!" shouted the newsboys on the streets of Dublin. "Extra! Extra! The races are now going on! Described by Marconi's wireless telegraph! Paper, sir? Buy a paper."

Step by step men far away in the city followed the regatta while it was actually in progress though the yachts were out of sight of land. A "scoop" for that Dublin editor! A triumph for Marconi.

Another bit of advertising came for the new invention. On the Isle of Wight Queen Victoria had a summer palace. The prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII) had injured his knee and was convalescing on his yacht.

"Can Signor Marconi," asked Her Majesty, "put up his marvelous instruments on my son's boat and here at the palace? Then I could have frequent reports on the prince's progress."

From the island to the royal yacht a hundred and fifty messages flashed back and forth. The interest of the queen and of the future king must have encouraged the young inventor.

News of this success reached the French government.

"Can you wireless from England to France?" they asked.

"Let me try."

At Dover and at Boulogne masts were put up—a hundred and fifty feet high. French engineers and scientists gathered round the sending instrument, all on tiptoe. Marconi himself was at the key.

"V," he clicked out. "I'm using a two-centimeter spark. V—V—V," the signal agreed on to mark the first and the end of the message.

Silence in the room. Every ear was strained to catch the faintest click in the receiver. The tension lasted a few minutes. Then came a loud ticking of dot and dash. The roll of paper spun round. Eagerly the men leaned forward to scan the line of little black marks.

"Your message is perfect. Same here—two centimeters."

The impossible was accomplished. Across the English Channel, water so rough, so uncertain that for centuries communication had been difficult, Marconi had built an electric bridge—a bridge nobody could see or feel or hear, but stronger and surer than a bridge of steel; for nothing could interrupt the burden of words it carried—not storm of wind or rain, not fog or sunshine, not night or day, not the fleet of an enemy.

The silence was broken now by hearty congratulations and

the buzz of talk. Message after message was thrown into the air, caught at Dover, the answer flashed back. For days the French officers tested the wireless instruments. They crossed to the English side and watched every detail at both stations.

" It's a success," was their verdict.

In four years Marconi had increased his distance from a hundred yards to two and thirty miles. He saw clearly the possibilities of his invention. He formed a company to send messages by wireless in direct competition with cable and telegraph service. On land the new system made its way slowly. At sea there was no competitor.

The British navy paid twenty thousand pounds for the use of wireless. Its fleet carried on a sham battle where all the orders were clicked out from the mast of the flagship on Marconi's instruments, and received without a hitch on cruisers and frigates and destroyers. From London an emergency order was sent across valleys and mountains, over the cities and villages of Europe to a warship stationed in the Suez Canal.

The Brethren of Trinity House who have charge of the lightships along the English coast were quick to sense what wireless meant to their work. They flashed out news of a wreck to the life-saving station, or warning of a coming storm that might prevent a wreck. They summoned aid from near-by ships when they saw one in distress near the rocks.

Other countries paid Marconi to erect stations to operate under his patents. He's one inventor whose work brought him

a comfortable income that saved him from a grinding struggle for existence. Quietly, conscientiously he kept on, for with each improvement came new technical questions to be answered, new possibilities to be tried out.

What was there to do more?

A new world to discover, dreamed this fellow-countryman of Columbus. A wireless message from Europe to America!

Was he himself aghast when he began to figure on a sending station for that distance? From an eighty-foot mast he could send twenty miles. Double it, eighty miles. Triple it, nearly two hundred miles. But across the Atlantic would take a mast a thousand feet high! Was that possible—possible to erect, and once up possible to maintain?

Right-about face and ask nature for another way to solve the problem. If higher and higher yet wasn't the answer, why not try for greater power at the sending station? Instead of batteries a dynamo of many horse-power; a longer aerial; waves measured by thousands of meters—thus he would conquer time and space.

On the coast of Cornwall at the very corner of England Marconi built such a station. He set up twenty poles and strung wires from one to the other, connecting them in turn with the sending apparatus. In the little low building were the dynamo and converters that increased the power—replacing the coil of wire in his little tin box in the garden at home.

Carefully he drilled his helpers.

" You understand now," he said at last.

"Yes, yes. Three dots for S at three o'clock and repeat at intervals. Good luck to you, Signore, the very best of luck."

With two assistants Marconi started to America late in 1901. He was setting sail on an unknown sea of science. It was as venturesome a voyage as the one another Italian had made over four centuries before. Which was the greater discoverer, do you think? Which made greater changes for the world?

At the steamer reporters crowded about the three men and besieged them with questions. What were they going to do? A new miracle? It would make a good story for their papers, a column on the front page.

Marconi could not answer them. Telegrams by wireless from England to America—a project too daring to be announced to the public before it had been carried through. It meant a new method of communication in commerce and in politics. It meant nations brought closer together. It meant a shrinkage of the earth.

Modestly he talked to the persistent newspaper men.

"We've been sending messages from one station to another on the British coast as far as two hundred and fifty miles. I hope to show that we can do three hundred miles."

"Nothing very exciting or record-breaking about that," commented one reporter. "Wirelessing from Newfoundland, I suppose, to fishermen on the Grand Banks."

A station like the one in Cornwall had been built on Cape Cod, the most eastern point of land on the coast of the United States. When he arrived Marconi found that storms had

wrecked it. The high masts and the great dynamo were damaged beyond repair—unless he were willing to wait for months.

"But everything's ready on the English side," he said. "I'll go up to Newfoundland and make a trial. Masts? No, I'll use kites once more. One thing's in our favor—that's six hundred miles nearer Cornwall than Cape Cod."

Up to Newfoundland went the three, explained their plans to some government officials, and were given a workshop in a little old stone barracks on Signal Hill, a bold bluff overlooking the sea half a mile from the town of St. Johns. In three days' time they had their apparatus installed—the delicate receiver on which Marconi had been working for two years.

The Canadian boys were curious about the grown-ups who were flying a kite at the top of the hill.

"Such weather as they choose—wind and rain and fog!"

"Did you see that kite? It's made of silk and bamboo."

"And what a big one it is—nine feet long!"

Time after time the helpers tried to raise it. When the wind baffled their efforts the quiet, young man with the thoughtful face urged them on. Sometimes he took hold while they ran with the line. Sometimes he stood at one side and directed.

"There! It's up at last!"

The fine wire that ran down the string suddenly broke. Over the hillside and out to sea the wind swept their kite.

Another met the same fate.

They filled a balloon with hydrogen gas and sent it up. The wire broke and away sailed the balloon.

THE BOYS LOOKED ON IN AMAZEMENT AS MARCONI, IN SPITE OF THE GALE, GOT HIS KITE UP TO FOUR HUNDRED FEET

For three days they tried. Marconi could not give up.

On the morning of the twelfth of December they climbed to the top of Signal Hill and launched another kite. The wind was blowing a gale. Somehow they managed to get it up and hold it in place—four hundred feet up in the air. It was a cold, raw day. At the foot of the cliff the surf broke with a mighty roar. To the eastward rolled two thousand miles of sea—and then England!

Marconi went into the building and up the stairs. The wire from his kite led down to a pole, through the open window to a little instrument lying on the table—a glass tube no larger than the one that holds the mercury in a thermometer—and a second wire led on to a telephone receiver. In the glass tube were metal filings—nickel and silver and a trace of mercury—filings so fine they'd pass through the meshes of a strip of silk. Hundreds of experiments he'd made to get just the right proportions for this electric bridge that joined two worlds!

The inventor sat down at the table and took up the telephone receiver. With his eyes on the clock he waited. It was half-past eleven—that meant three in the afternoon at Cornwall. Three minutes went by, five, ten. The assistant Kemp waited in a fever of impatience.

Suddenly there was a sharp click and the little glass tube was struck by a tiny hammer attached to it.

"Something's coming!" Kemp exclaimed under his breath.

Tap, tap, tap! Plainly Marconi heard the three dots that stand for S in the Morse code. Again tap, tap, tap.

" See if you can hear anything, Mr. Kemp," he said calmly as he passed the telephone receiver across the table. A moment later the assistant caught the sound—tap, tap, tap. Faint they were, but distinct. " S, S, S," they said plainly to his practised ears.

The work of seven years was rewarded. The dream of the young Italian in the garden near Bologna had come true in Newfoundland. Better instruments than he'd had at first, a receiver a hundred thousand times as sensitive, and the telephone to strengthen the sounds. But the principle was exactly the same.

The following day at the same hour they listened again. Distinctly they heard the burr-r-r as if somebody were rapping with a pencil on the table. That sound had come more than two thousand miles.

The next morning they could hear nothing at all. The wind had shifted and their poor kite was blown up and down with constant change of height. However they were absolutely sure. They cabled to the station in Cornwall the glorious news that their S—S—S—S had been received.

There wasn't a reporter there to get a " scoop " for his paper. There was no crowd of excited onlookers to applaud. Kemp was the only man in the room with the inventor. Outside the little stone building was the cold, raw wind. The gray waves dashed against the cliffs three hundred feet below. Wrapped in fog across the harbor was St. Johns.

" I'm sorry we had to use the telephone," said Marconi.

"Now we have no receiving tape to prove our success. Will people insist on a visible record? Or will they accept my word?"

He'd made a reputation for truth-telling. Never had he made statements or claims he couldn't prove. So his cable that wireless messages had been sent across the Atlantic carried due weight with men of science.

"But how can he be so sure that S—S—S was coming from Cornwall?" questioned the doubters. "Why couldn't it have come from some ship a few miles out at sea?"

"Impossible," he replied calmly and laid his trump card on the table. "My instruments were tuned to receive only from my station in England."

"Tuned—what do you mean?"

"You know how a tuning fork vibrates in answer to one across the room and will not answer a third or fourth fork whose vibrations are more or less. I've borrowed that idea. My instruments send out the electric waves at a certain rate. The receiving instruments are adjusted so that they get only waves of that rate. This will answer one of the great objections urged to wireless—that if many stations are built the air'll be a jumble of waves flying about in all directions."

The newspaper men rushed to St. Johns and cabled the story of this success. Marconi was famous the world over. The governor of Newfoundland reported at once to Edward VII. The cable company operating at St. Johns demanded that this young Italian stop experimenting in its territory.

"That's the greatest tribute they could have paid me," Marconi turned to Kemp. "The cable officials are alarmed. Our success is a threat to their business. Could anybody ask a better proof that we've made wireless practical?"

As they crossed to Nova Scotia farmers and fishermen of that northern land crowded to the windows of the train at every station. They wanted to see the man who'd made the electric bridge that banished space and time.

"How young he looks!" was the comment heard over and over. The inventor was twenty-seven then. "And is he really an Italian—with those blue eyes?"

Not long did he have to wait for his work to be accepted. The world believed in wireless telegraphy with wonderful swiftness. The first mild doubt was followed by a flood of congratulations, by generous confidence and enthusiasm. Cable stocks went down in London. Cable rates were cut and cut again.

And was it all due to Marconi, you ask. Yes and no. Nowadays a great invention's not the work of any one person. It was Hertz who discovered these marvelous waves in the ether and Hertz was building on the reports of three English scientists. A French professor working on some electrical experiments made the little glass tube whose metal filings are a bridge for the current. An Englishman, Sir Oliver Lodge, carried this a step farther. Then a Russian trying to measure the length of lightning flashes combined the little tube with a relay and a recording mechanism. And Marconi's genius took up facts al-

ready known, used the devices of these other scientists, and gave the world a practical invention. Here a little, there a little with some additions of his own. After years of patient work he had put together the pieces of this jigsaw puzzle of science.

Many, many improvements have been made since that December day of 1901. I suppose wireless patents must number thousands and thousands. Marconi himself took out over a hundred in every country of the civilized world, to cover every particular little point of every instrument. But his theory has remained unchanged: send the waves to a distance, detect them, strengthen them so that they may be easily heard—and you have wireless telegraphy!

And just as Marconi built on the foundation of other scientists, DeForest built on his and with the vacuum tube took the first step in the radio. To-day pictures are sent by radio and the broadcasting of moving pictures is being perfected. Telephoning without wires is another offshoot. Who can say what else may result? You'd be a bold prophet if you foretold a century's achievement; and five years might see it all come true.

While the war was going on in South Africa Marconi happened to be sailing from the United States to England. For a week the passengers were ignorant of the campaign.

"Can you possibly," they appealed to the inventor as the steamer neared Europe, "install your instruments on board and get in touch with your station on the Isle of Wight? Do try to get the latest news for us."

A few passengers watched while he prepared his instruments. They were amazed when they saw the narrow strip of paper come reeling off the recorder, stamped with dots and dashes—messages about a battle in South Africa that had come flashing through the ether.

" Let's print these bulletins for everyone on the ship," someone suggested. The " Transatlantic Times " the little paper was christened. It was a limited edition and was sold out immediately.

That was the first wireless newspaper at sea. To-day we treat it as a matter of course on every voyage. We send messages to friends who are crossing the ocean. They reply with the hour of their arrival. When this was first done it had headlines in the papers.

" It sounds like a fairy tale! " men said.

In 1909 the reporters wrote a thrilling story of what wireless had accomplished. A great liner sailed from New York, ran into a fog some miles off Nantucket, and in the night was rammed by another ship. Tons of water poured into the engine-room. The captain on the bridge gave hurried orders. Would the bulkheads hold so that they could keep afloat? There was nothing more he could do for the safety of his passengers and his crew.

Yes—one thing more. He turned to the wireless operator. Already the man had clicked out the letters " C Q D," the ambulance call of the sea. C Q was the recently announced Mar-

coni signal that meant " All ships." The D stood for " danger."

A moment before the operator had been listening to the sending man ashore. Now he broke in with his " C Q D." A violation of wireless etiquette to interrupt in that rude fashion. Had something happened? The man on land waited.

" Struck by unknown boat—engine-room filled—passengers all safe—can stay afloat—send help." Then followed the latitude and longitude of the stricken ship.

Crack—crack—crack and the news flashed out over land and sea. It reached a government cutter on the Massachusetts coast and two great liners on the Atlantic. Full speed ahead they rushed to the scene of the disaster, cruised about in the fog till they found the two ships, both in trouble now, and took off the four thousand passengers and the crews. What would have been a terrible disaster was averted, thanks to Marconi.

More than once since that story's been repeated and many a life has been saved by wireless. The United States and other countries too passed a law requiring all passenger ships to install Marconi instruments with trained operators. Visiting the wireless man's room is one of the interesting things to do on the steamer. And to-day boats can't sink unnoticed, leaving a great mystery as to the fate of the souls aboard. C Q D flashes out, the ambulance call of the sea, and help starts toward them without a second's delay.

What else was wireless used for? For work of every sort during the World War. Airplanes carried wireless instru-

ments and sent back reports of scouting trips over enemy territory. Navies directed their fleets by wireless instead of the old primitive signals with flags or lights. Submarines and torpedoes were directed by wireless. Much of this work is still secret. Perhaps some day the whole story will be told.

The king of Italy put Marconi at the head of the wireless service for his country and he served throughout the war. That's why you often see a picture of him in uniform.

But telegraphing without wires is of greater value in time of peace. Explorers flash a message of their progress back from the polar regions, across an African jungle, over the waste lands of Alaska, and keep in touch with home. Isolated towns and farmhouses are no longer cut off from fellowship with mankind. If forest fire or tornado or flood break down the wires, news of the disaster and appeals for help go out by wireless.

The whole world owes a debt of gratitude to Guglielmo Marconi for the benefits his invention has brought. Honors have been showered upon him—badges and medals, orders from the czar and from the king of Italy, the Nobel prize for advance in science, a seat in the Italian senate.

When he visited Rome to receive the freedom of the city all the leading officials were at the railroad station to meet him, with an excited throng of men and women. People cheered and shouted at sight of their famous countryman. Young and old, rich and poor, school children and students from the universities wanted to show their pride in his achievements. A carriage was waiting for him. The horses were unharnessed

and men dragged the heavy vehicle through the streets of Rome in spite of the rain that fell.

"Far different," people commented, "from the triumphs that once took place in these very streets."

With all these honors Marconi's head wasn't turned. He kept steadily at work, for new problems arose with each improvement. Could he lessen the noise at the sending stations? The blinding flash is as large as a man's wrist and makes a noise like thunder. Could he send from England to Australia —the longest distance on the earth? Yes, this he proved possible, though he himself was amazed at the reports from the receiving station in Sydney, that the message sounded as distinctly as if the words were spoken in the next room!

Could he lessen the cost of a wireless message? He worked out a method of directing the waves so that they travel straight to their destination like a beam of light, instead of spreading out in great circles and so wasting their energy. This new method uses short wave-lengths, measured in tens instead of thousands of meters. It uses power of a few kilowatts instead of hundreds, sends far more rapidly, and so costs far less. And the end of this invention is not yet, but still in the future.

Not long ago the picture section of our newspaper announced, "Next week—the world's greatest radio fan! Watch for this photograph."

We all guessed what the picture would be.

A lonely lighthouse keeper.

A hospital patient.

A feeble old lady, a shut-in for years, listening to a church service.

An explorer at the North Pole.

A farmer's wife giving a dance in the new barn.

The captain of a sinking ship.

Impatiently we waited for the paper to come. And what do you think?

The world's greatest radio fan proved to be Guglielmo Marconi.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

William the Silent: 1533–1584

"STAND back! Stand back!" called the archers of the royal bodyguard as the crowd pushed up to the very doors of the palace in Brussels.

"To the right, sirs," motioned the ushers. "The deputies of the provinces are to sit just below the platform."

What a scene was before them! The walls of this famous Hall of the Golden Fleece were hung with tapestry and decked with flowers. In the center of the platform was a splendid canopy with three gilded armchairs beneath it. The benches below were already filled with burghers and officers in splendid dress.

The palace clock struck three.

From the near-by chapel came the emperor Charles V, ruler of Germany and Spain and the Netherlands. Immediately behind him were his sister, the queen of Hungary, and his son Philip. Then a long line of distinguished guests—dukes and barons and bishops, councilors and governors and knights—a gay throng in armor and rich velvet and cloth-of-gold; yet a solemn throng too, come to see the fall of the curtain on the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne, and the beginning, did they but know it, of a long and tragic reign.

"How old is the emperor?" a count asked his neighbor

"Fifty-five. He looks far older, doesn't he? His hair is perfectly white. His knees and his hands are crippled, they say."

"Yes, he's walking with a crutch and leaning on the shoulder of an attendant besides. No wonder he wants to give up his throne and live in a milder climate in Spain."

"Which one is Philip?" whispered one of the deputies. "What! the young man in black velvet? That narrow-chested, sickly-looking, slight one with such thin, unsteady legs?"

"He's under middle height, it's true, while the father is a big man. Yet they certainly look alike—the same heavy, hanging under lip and big mouth, and the same protruding jaw."

"Doesn't he ever glance up?"

"No," laughed a councilor from Antwerp, "not even when he's talking. He always keeps his eyes on the ground in that

embarrassed way. They say it's because he has a constant pain in his stomach caused by his love of pastry."

One of the Flemish nobles made a long speech ending with the reading of a deed by which the emperor gave to his son Philip all his duchies and earldoms, his marquisates and baroncies, his cities and towns and castles—including of course the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands.

With the help of his crutch Charles V rose to his feet. He beckoned to the young man on whose shoulder he had leaned as he entered the hall.

"Who is he?"

"What a tall, handsome soldier!"

"His dark features make him look more Spanish than Flemish."

"What a gorgeous suit of armor! It's inlaid with gold. Why should he be in armor?" came the buzz of talk all through the room.

"He's just arrived from camp. Commander-in-chief of the army that's fighting the French. So young? He's two and twenty."

"Who is it, man? William of Orange, the emperor's favorite."

Leaning on his shoulder Charles V read a farewell address. It was the story of his long reign, of his many wars and victories and treaties of peace. Formally he presented to the Netherlands their new sovereign, not a decrepit old man with one foot in the grave, but a prince in the prime of life for whom

he asked their obedience. On every hand sobs were heard. The emperor himself wept like a child.

Philip dropped to his knees, kissed his father's hand and asked his blessing. Never once glancing up he spoke a few words—something about duty and affection for his people.

" I am sorry," he half turned to the guests on the platform and then to the deputies of the provinces, " that I cannot address you in French or in Flemish. The bishop will speak for me."

At last the orations were finished. Very slowly the old emperor left the hall with William of Orange. Behind them walked Philip and his aunt. The court followed.

" What a contrast between the sullen, gloomy son and that fine young officer! Tell me about him," said a visiting prince.

" The good fairies gave him every advantage—birth and wealth and many talents. He belongs to the highest nobility —heir to great estates in Germany, to vast lands here in the Low Countries, and to the little principality in France that gives him this title. Small wonder that he found favor with the great. He began as the emperor's page. At fifteen he was often present at meetings of the council. Soon he was a trusted adviser. Twenty and he commanded an army."

As they talked and compared the two did they guess that in a few years William and Philip would be the bitterest enemies, fighting in one of the fiercest of wars?

" My son," said Charles in a last word of counsel, " cultivate

THE EMPEROR LEANED ON THE ARM OF WILLIAM THE SILENT,
PRINCE OF ORANGE

the good will of the Netherlands. And especially follow the suggestions of the Prince of Orange."

Now Philip was not like his genial, kindly father. Cold and stern and proud he was.

"I am a Spaniard of the Spaniards," he boasted.

"He's a foreigner of foreigners," said the Dutch.

Only Spanish officials would he have about him. He hated the Netherlands and distrusted the citizens. Their free republican spirit was directly opposed to all his ideas of government and galling to his pride.

A still greater barrier, Philip was a devout and bigoted Catholic. He was determined to stamp out the Protestant religion. With many others of that time he thought that putting men in prison and torturing them would make them obedient to his particular church.

"I'd rather be no king at all," he said, "than have heretics for my subjects."

In the palace in Madrid he bowed low before a crucifix and made a solemn vow.

"Never will I be called the lord of those who reject Thee for their Lord!"

Those words sealed the doom of thousands of Protestants. Blindly he went ahead with never a thought for the views of his Dutch subjects. He renewed edicts against the reformers which his father had let fall into disuse. In spite of the law he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops. There was a rumor that he would establish a court like the Inquisition in Spain.

Catholic or Protestant, the Netherlanders revolted from the very suggestion.

The first year of his reign Philip was busy in a war with France. He was winning victories on land and sea when a sudden treaty brought the fighting to an end.

"Things are going too fast," said the Dutch. "Have the two kings buried the hatchet in order to begin a religious war—a war against the Protestants in both France and the Low Countries?"

Before long their worst suspicions were confirmed. And the secret was given away by royalty itself.

When peace was made hostages were exchanged. Of the four nobles Philip sent one was the gay, extravagant courtier, William of Orange. The king of France gave a hunting party in the forest of Vincennes. While waiting for the stag to come up he fell into talk with the hostage prince.

"You're a Catholic," he began, "so you'll rejoice in our plan. In my dominion as in Philip's these Protestants are increasing. We must clear the land of the accursed vermin."

And he unfolded the details—how he'd use his army to hunt down all heretics and put them to death, how Spanish troops would be used in the Netherlands. Orange was so close to his sovereign, of course he knew why peace was made. Never once did the Frenchman guess that he was telling a state secret, that every word was news to his listener.

As he disclosed the plot the hostage waited in perfect silence. He asked no questions, made no comment. With marvelous

self-control he held his peace. Not by word or gesture, not even by the look on his face did he betray his feeling of abhorrence. And long, long afterward when this incident became known, men called him "William the Silent."

But while they talked there in the forest his heart was throbbing with excitement.

"I was christened in the Catholic church, true," he was thinking. "In itself I care nothing for this new religion. But I'm humane. I believe in justice. Here and now I resolve to defend these poor, helpless, persecuted people from the punishments and deaths in store for them. I'll do my best to drive the Spanish vermin from the land!"

Rumors shortly changed to facts in the Netherlands. Fourteen new bishops were appointed, all Spaniards. They were fourteen new rulers, for a bishop of that day had great power —he could put men in prison, could torture and kill them. Spanish soldiers were sent into the country.

No wonder the Dutch were alarmed. In the sixteenth century Spain was the most powerful nation in Europe. Her armies were invincible, her generals the best in the world. All this—troops and bishops—could mean only one thing—the Inquisition in Flanders!

A cruel law against all Protestants was proclaimed: it forbade the reading or the buying of the Bible (except by priests), or any book by Luther or Calvin; it forbade meetings of any kind, to teach the Scriptures or to discuss beliefs. Was a man guilty of any of these acts the punishment was death. A like

fate for all persons who knew of such deeds and failed to report them to the inquisitors.

Persecutions increased tenfold. Murders, burnings, flayings and breaking of bones went on in town after town. In the museums in Amsterdam and the Hague you can see to-day some of the tools of torture that the religious men of that time invented, as they thought, to glorify God.

In spite of persecutions the number of Protestants increased. Death by torture? Almost every day brought fresh converts. One of the most important was William of Orange. He resigned as governor of a province when he found it impossible to carry out the king's commands.

"Burn and torture and put to death worthy and innocent men who are suspected of Protestantism? whose only crime is that in religious matters they do not think as thinks the king of Spain? This my conscience would not allow me to do. I sent them private warning of their danger, for I hold it right to obey God rather than man."

Everywhere discontent and excitement. Following a Catholic procession that marched through the streets of Antwerp with a great image of the Virgin Mary came a scornful, jeering rabble. With a sudden fury and madness fighting began in the aisles of the cathedral. Statues were pulled down, beautiful stained glass windows were broken, ornaments snatched from the walls. For three days and nights the mob ruled in the city. Every church was wrecked, every statue and cross and shrine. In other provinces this was repeated.

"By the soul of my father," cried Philip in a fury of vengeance that knew no bounds, "this shall cost them dear!"

He ordered the Prince of Orange to put down the rebels, to destroy them by the most extreme methods. The answer? A plain refusal. Promptly he sent into the Netherlands a force of fifteen thousand Spaniards under the Duke of Alva.

"I give you two charges," wrote the king. "Stamp out disorder no matter what it costs in lives and money. Seize the prince and put him to death within twenty-four hours."

William of Orange was summoned to appear at Brussels to answer for his share in the rebellion. He knew well what his fate would be if once he placed himself in Alva's hands. So he went to his old home in Germany. Then came confiscation of all his estates and banishment from the land.

The duke began his cruel persecutions. The Dutch were at his mercy and he showed them none. Supported by the army he shed blood like water. By tens, hundreds, even thousands patriots met death, men and women, innocent and guilty, poor and rich. Overwhelming taxes were laid upon the people. The business of the country stopped. In the markets grass grew. Was there any resistance, a city was stormed and its inhabitants butchered.

Was there ever such an unequal contest? On one side was the great power of Spain. Its troops were veterans, the finest in Europe. Their general was the foremost commander of the time. He'd won fame on nearly every battlefield for thirty years. A splendid soldier, proud, bigoted, merciless.

" I've tamed men of iron," he boasted when he entered Belgium, " and shall I not easily crush these people of butter? "

On the other side were the Dutch, a quiet, orderly nation of traders and shopkeepers and dairymen. They were industrious and prosperous, unaccustomed to fighting and war. They had practically no army—a few raw troops with officers who were young and inexperienced, and mercenaries if they had funds to pay them.

They were divided into seventeen provinces and each one distrusted the others. Too weak to make war alone. Too jealous to unite. Slow to learn the old lesson that in union there is strength. Yet they loved freedom more than peace and quiet. No one, not the Dutch themselves, not even William of Orange knew the courage this little, water-logged land possessed.

Its patience and endurance Alva couldn't wear out. Nothing could make its pluck and doggedness give way. Day by day the wrath of the people increased. Deep was their resentment against Spanish control of their property or their consciences.

How could Philip's methods succeed in a land swept by the free north wind? How could he win against a sturdy folk who'd rescued their country from the sea itself? How could he understand that a thousand years of battling with the ocean had made a people too brave and too earnest to be trifled with? that their world-wide trade had educated them to think for themselves?

The most influential man in the land was William of Orange. To raise an army he spent his fortune and mortgaged his property. He sold his jewels and plate to provide the funds so sorely needed. In the first campaign he was defeated. The restless mercenaries clamored for their pay and he had to dismiss them.

" We must have patience and not lose heart," was his comment. " We must strive incessantly as I have resolved to do, come what may. With God's help I am determined to go on."

And his brother wrote to a friend in England, " Our army is partly dispersed and partly defeated. But our heart is as good as ever! We hope soon to have a better force than before to save the church and the cause."

After his estates were confiscated the prince had very little income. Hiring soldiers took large sums of money. He borrowed where he could, begged for gifts and finally scraped together a certain amount. With a second army he marched to the aid of the brave Netherlanders, but lost the battle to the picked troops of the Duke of Alva.

Why not seek help from the rest of Europe? He appealed to the German princes as Protestants and lovers of justice. They promised substantial aid, but their soldiers too were defeated. With the French Huguenots he made an alliance and they offered an army of twelve thousand. But the massacre of St. Bartholomew's prevented the carrying out of this plan.

He hoped for help from England. If little Holland went down before this giant Spain, wouldn't England go next?

The cautious Elizabeth had a difficult part to play.[1] She was Philip's friend or foe as she thought he could hurt or help her country. She wanted no wars. So to the Netherlands she blew now hot, now cold. She promised aid and secretly lent money—perhaps half a million dollars; but the fifteen thousand soldiers she delayed sending.

Disasters and disappointments could not daunt William of Orange. Never once did he lose heart or hope. He trusted in God and lived up to his motto, "Always tranquil amid the waves." Blamed by his friends and allies for his lack of success, he wandered about the country, outlawed, exiled, a price upon his head.

"We may regard the prince now as a dead man," Alva wrote boastfully to Philip. "He has neither influence nor credit."

When the cause of freedom was most desperate he continued to plan for the saving of the Netherlands—to banish the Inquisition, to drive out the Spanish soldiers. More than once he was in grave danger. After one defeat he fled from camp in the dress of a German peasant. Again the enemy made a night attack. The leaders went straight for the tent of the prince. The little spaniel that always slept at his feet was roused by the sound of strange footsteps, barked, and licked his master's face. In the nick of time Orange wakened and had barely a minute to spring on his horse and gallop away. On his tomb at Delft lies a little stone spaniel sleeping at his feet.

At last, at last the patriots won a first success when by a trick

[1] See the chapter on Queen Elizabeth in the author's *Story of the Elizabeths*.

they captured the seaport of Brill. The news flew from province to province. The people were stirred to a fresh energy. They swore loyalty to the Prince of Orange. Suddenly the whole country rose to aid him in the cause of freedom.

"On one condition," he insisted. "Toleration in religion, with complete separation of church and state. What difference does it make if some of us are Catholic and some of us are Protestant? Live and let live. We must not try to force others to believe as we do."

Remarkable for that century, wasn't it? William the Silent had changed from the Catholic faith to Protestantism. Yet he was as fair and just to one church as to the other. Holland thus became the home of religious liberty. Its foundation stone was toleration. And for three hundred years and longer it has been a place of refuge for all persecuted people where they were free to worship in their own way. What a contrast to Philip and the Duke of Alva!

Convinced that mercenary troops would never win their battles the Dutch took up the defense of their own cities. Women fought and children too. The Spanish adopted a policy of slow sieges.

"The towns are garrisoned with devils!" they reported.

With only four thousand soldiers Haarlem held out against a force of thirty thousand. Its men had hearts of oak, but the place was not well fortified. The enemy tried to take it by assault, failed, then settled back to starve it into submission. Famine stared the citizens in the face. William of Orange

made several attempts to raise the siege, but he was handicapped by lack of men and funds.

" Never," admitted the Duke of Alva, " was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem."

In the end it surrendered not to Spain but to starvation. Its heroic spirit set a fine example of resistance.

Next came the turn of Alkmaar, a little town only a few miles from the coast. Its garrison numbered eight hundred and there were thirteen hundred untrained burghers. Against them veterans of Philip to a total of sixteen thousand.

So close was the line drawn around the town that no food could be sent to the destitute people.

" Why, it's impossible," boasted the enemy, " for a sparrow to enter Alkmaar! "

Within its walls were plague and famine. The Dutch now made an alliance not with a foreign land but with their old enemy, the ocean.

" God has given us two foes," they argued. " We've conquered the one with dikes. How vanquish the second? Why not set them against each other? Let's put the sea against the might of Spain."

After seven weeks of siege they cut the dikes and the waters poured in upon the land. In a hurried retreat the Spanish left.

A desperate device, but it succeeded.

" Let's use it again," urged William of Orange when all his schemes for the relief of Leyden failed.

" If the dikes are opened our crops will be ruined," objected the thrifty farmers.

" Better a drowned land," answered he, " than a lost land! "

The saying became a Dutch proverb.

Five months the siege had lasted. The people were almost at the last gasp. With a circle of sixty-six forts the Spanish had walled them in completely. Their only communication with the outside world was by carrier pigeon. But as the blockade and the starvation that resulted grew more severe their patriotism burned more brightly. Many died of want and thousands were ill. Indignantly they rejected every hint of surrender.

" When we have nothing else," they haughtily replied to the Spaniards, " we'll eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with! "

The weeks slipped into months. William the Silent was keenly anxious for the fate of heroic Leyden. He had no army strong enough to raise the siege by a land fight. Hope must come from the sea.

Finally consent was given to his plan. All the livestock was moved to places of safety. Two hundred flat-bottomed boats were loaded with provisions. The dikes were pierced.

Not a day too soon. Long before the last bread had been eaten in Leyden. The pigeon post brought word that what food there was would not last more than four days.

" The waters are rising," wrote the Prince of Orange from

his sick-bed. "Hold out yet a little while till the floods are deep enough for our boats."

The doctors were in despair over their patient.

"He will die if he insists on working while his fever is raging."

"I cannot take my mind from Leyden," he replied. "What a fate for my friends there if they must surrender! And Leyden is the key to Holland."

For twenty miles the rich farming country was flooded. The sea swept in over the fields. The little fleet started on its voyage of relief. The first mile or two all went well. Then the ground rose and the water became shallow—too shallow even for flat-bottomed boats.

With a west wind the sea would have been driven inland. For days it blew from the east, for more days than the oldest inhabitant could remember at that time of year. Midway on its errand the fleet lay becalmed, unable to retreat or go ahead.

Within the city walls stalked grim companions—famine and plague. Anxiously starving men and women repeated the prince's words, but daily their hopes grew fainter. Almost too weak to stand they watched from a tower, but saw no sign of the boats that brought deliverance.

A pigeon flew in with a note.

"Help will come when the wind changes."

The citizens of Leyden were eating the green leaves from the trees, the weeds that grew between the cobble-stones in the streets. Unceasingly their eyes sought the weather-vanes.

Suddenly they trembled and veered round. The wind had shifted to the south!

Pell-mell the North Sea rushed across the space where for so many years it had met stout barriers. Amid fields and farmhouses, through the deepening water the boats came nearer and nearer to the city wall. At the fort by the bridge a sudden attack in the midnight darkness, the first naval battle ever fought on land, ended with defeat for the Spanish. Their camp was drowned out. Before the cold gray waves they fled in terror. The siege of Leyden was at an end.

In the town of Delft the convalescent prince had gone quietly to church. A message was handed him in his pew. When the sermon was finished he sent it up to the preacher to be read from the pulpit. Imagine that congregation listening to the thrilling news of the relief of Leyden! Think with what glad hearts they said the last prayer!

As a memorial of the splendid endurance of the people, a prize for their pluck, the Prince of Orange said, "I wish to give the city a present. Freedom from taxation for a number of years or a university—take your choice."

"We choose the university," answered Leyden, much to her honor.

Four months and two days after the raising of the siege the professors were installed in an old convent. The first Protestant school in the Netherlands, it gained so high a reputation for learning that it was called "the Athens of the west." In the Senate room of the university you can see to-day a col-

lection of portraits of its great teachers and patrons, beginning with William the Silent's.

At twenty-five the Prince of Orange was rich and prosperous, fond of splendor, lavish with his money. In his great palace in Brussels he lived a life of luxury and magnificence. With a lordly hospitality he kept open house. The days were full of color and amusement, with banquets and masquerades and tournaments. His staff of cooks was famous—so famous that German princes sent their chefs to be trained in his kitchens.

From thirty on he was very serious and very poor. All the luxury of his youth gave way before the absorbing power of one great idea—to save the Netherlands. His vast revenues, his family plate and jewels, his fine raiment were sacrificed in the service of his country.

Once this petted child of fortune gave a fantastic feast with the table-cloth made of sugar. There followed years of privation. Once he tossed into every beggar's bowl a handsome gift. Later he was so deeply in debt to his brothers and his friends that he could hardly hope ever to pay all he owed. Once he was magnificently dressed with so much gold in his ruff that he could scarcely turn his head. Now shabbily clad he turned anxiously to a servant:

"What has happened to the trunk-hose we sent out to be mended?"

Did he wish to make a little gift he figured closely and asked, "Is there a serving dish could be spared from the table?"

He had begun fighting not against Philip, but against the Duke of Alva. It was a struggle against religious persecution. Gradually he came to feel that the war must go on and on until the Netherlands were independent. They must renounce their allegiance to Spain in word as they had long done in deed.

One thing was necessary for success—union. Each province, each city had its own government. Between the various bodies there was great jealousy. By religion and by race they were divided. Now they must forget their disagreements. They must remember only their common wrongs.

Orange himself had been stadholder of three provinces. Four more united with these. In 1576 on the prince's birthday an act of federation was signed joining the whole seventeen. What rejoicing there was throughout the Netherlands!

That was William the Silent's moment of triumph. The great dream of his life was achieved. He had carried through the resolve made at the hunting party when the king of France betrayed the secret. He had driven the Spanish vermin from the land.

He was invited to enter Brussels in state as "protector of the Netherlands." First he went to Antwerp where he had the most enthusiastic of welcomes. After a few days he journeyed to Brussels by canal. Three gorgeously decorated barges were provided: one with a splendid banquet, the second, hung with the banners of the seventeen provinces, for the guest

to use, and the third filled with men in costumes showing the triumph of liberty.

While this procession was several miles from the city hundreds of people marched out to meet and greet the prince. On either side of the canal his escorts kept pace with the boats' progress.

"Long live Father William!" they cried again and again. How could they show their respect and their love, all their gratitude to the father of their country?

But jealousy and distrust kept this from being a permanent union. Some provinces were Catholic, some Protestant. Some were inclined to accept Philip's offers of peace. A few years later they divided into what we know to-day as Holland and Belgium.

A statesman rather than a general, William the Silent builded better than he knew. Though he did not live to see the peace that in 1609 gave independence to the Netherlands, the nation that calls him father was due to his efforts. He had a clear vision of two things—individual rights and national unity. He freed his country from the tyrant Philip. He made it the home of religious liberty.

"Differ as men may in creed," he insisted, "they have no right to persecute others."

From the very first the young king of Spain sensed the important place held in the Low Countries by the Prince of Orange. When in 1559 the States-General insisted on his

withdrawing the Spanish troops before they would vote the supplies he asked, he upbraided William for this rebuff.

"But it is the action of the States-Gen ——"

"No, no!" shouted Philip in fierce anger, "not the States but you, *you,* You!"

In 1580 he was convinced that this man held the whole country in his hand. He saw all the advantages that would follow on the prince's death. More than all his armies had achieved, more than all his wily statesmanship the hand of an assassin could do now.

Philip published a famous document called the Ban. It denounced Orange as an enemy to the human race, a traitor and a miscreant. It offered a reward of twenty-five thousand crowns for him, dead or alive. To the man who'd take his life it promised landed estates, a title, a pardon for any crime.

There were many attempts to win such rewards. One fanatic fired a pistol into his face so close that the skin was burned. Again he was shot through the neck and mouth. News of his death flew over Europe, but he lived after a hard fight that lasted for weeks. He was forbidden to talk. His active brain could not rest just as it could not when he was stricken with fever in the camp near Leyden. He lay on his bed writing messages and directions constantly.

Four other men tried to murder him. His family at the Prinsenhof in Delft, his friends the nation over were full of anxiety. When would the father of his country be struck down?

To that quiet brick house by the canal came an assassin in the early summer of 1584, came with a pretext of bringing despatches from France. He was a good Protestant, ran his story, but too poor to buy shoes to wear to church.

" Give the fellow twelve crowns," said William the Silent to the steward.

This money he used to buy two pistols from the sergeant of the guard. He entered the house and asked for a passport. Suddenly he shot the prince as he turned toward the stairs.

" I am sorely wounded," gasped the stricken man. " O God, have pity on my soul and on this poor people! "

In long procession the States-General, the council, the burghers, the whole mourning city escorted his body to the New Church in the market-place of Delft. In the street the little children cried piteously. The friends of Spain celebrated with bonfires to show their delight at his death.

Born in the German province of Nassau, ruler of a French principality, William the Silent gave his fortune and his life for the liberty of the Netherlands. His descendants carried on the cause and on his foundation built a commercial and colonial empire as powerful and as prosperous as ever Spain had been in her proudest days. In Holland they were famous as soldiers and statesmen and stadholders, marshals of France, electors and princes in Germany, kings of England. Nearly every royal family in Europe traces back to him, making a wonderful " Orange tree." And in direct descent the present ruler of Holland, as part of the coronation ceremony, con-

firmed the old covenant between the people and the house of Orange.

All his sacrifices, all that he accomplished the Dutch have never forgotten. Their national hymn is "Wilhelmus van Nassouwen," the famous war song of the revolution. To-day in Holland and in America in the windows of Dutch Reformed churches you can see his coat of arms in orange, white and blue —the cross of Geneva, the hunting horn of his ancestor, Charlemagne's son, and the seventeen turf bricks representing the seventeen provinces.

But his best memorial is the nation he built out of struggle and defeat. Better a drowned land than a lost land!

THE SWORD THAT ALWAYS CONQUERED

William the Conqueror: c. 1027–1087

"YOU understand the signal?" the duke asked his chamberlain. "I will strike three times with the hilt of my sword."

He turned and entered the great council hall. Earls and barons and bishops rose to greet him—all the important men of the duchy who paid him homage. In surprise they listened to his announcement that he was going to Rome and to Jerusalem, a barefooted, bareheaded pilgrim to be freed from his sins.

"And Normandy while you are far away?" they ventured to

protest. "On every side men are jealous of her wealth and her power. Brave soldiers she has and brave leaders, but what do they avail without a commander? Who will stand at the head of your duchy?"

"I am closely related to Duke Robert," thought three of those lords. "I have the right to rule in his place—and I will."

The duke made no reply. He leaned forward and unsheathed his sword. With the hilt he struck three times on the council table.

Behind him the curtains were drawn aside. Into the hall stepped a boy of seven—a handsome lad in a tunic of soft blue silk, embroidered at the neck and hem. Without any thought of fear he went quietly up to the table.

"The chamberlain says you wanted me, father."

"I do." He took the boy up in his arms and kissed him. "The man present who doesn't want you is an ungrateful and disloyal vassal. Look at my son William," he faced the group of bishops and nobles. "He will represent you at court. He will lead you in battle and render you justice. He is little, you say? But he will grow. To-day I name him as my heir. From this hour he is your liege lord, the seventh duke of Normandy."

One by one they knelt before the child, laid their hands between his little hands and promised to be faithful to him. Quietly William sat in his father's chair of state and received their oaths of loyalty.

" As brave and handsome a lad as any in the land," said one baron to his neighbor. " You'd never guess he's the son of a peasant mother."

" And the grandson of a tanner! They say he's to go shortly to pay his homage to the king. Will Henry of France welcome a vassal of such low birth? "

" Aye, surely he will, for he can't forget Duke Robert's help that made him king."

The baron was right. Henry was most cordial to this new vassal and promised him a home at court and a training fitting the future ruler of Normandy. He had a tutor who taught him to ride, to throw a spear, to use a bow and a sword, to wear his armor easily—important lessons for eleventh century boys.

Before many months had passed word came from the east of Duke Robert's death. In Normandy there followed robbery and pillage and murder as this lord quarreled and fought with that one for the duchy.

" It should be mine, mine," each one argued. " It needs a strong hand to rule this turbulent land. William? Why, he's a mere child. Can he see that justice is done? Can he lead an army to battle? "

Not with his mother and sister did the boy live, but with grave, stern warriors who watched over him day and night. Never was he out of danger. Poison, assassination, treachery were always to be feared. He had only one amusement—hunting, and that he greatly enjoyed. Not a childhood, you

see, that would make him gentle and tender-hearted, but bold and strong and hardy.

He first drew his sword as a boy of twelve and won the day. Constant fighting there was for years on this pretext and on that. A cousin headed a group of discontented nobles. A neighboring count disputed his right to Maine. The king of France jealously swept into Normandy and laid siege to William's castle at Falaise—his birthplace and favorite house. But the young duke promptly drove the royal troops away, led them into an ambush and forced Henry to make peace. Each time he drew his sword he conquered.

At twenty he was firmly seated in his duchy. He had proved that he could govern, could meet rebellious vassals. A man of bravery and a man of power, both friends and enemies described him. What higher praise in that disorderly age of constant war and plunder?

An invitation came for him to visit the king of England. Though he was but a lad at the time he could remember the last of Edward's long stay in Normandy. His grandfather, then his uncle, then his father had protected this kinsman from over the sea. It would not be like journeying to a strange court. Edward spoke French and had around him a host of Normans holding all the highest positions in the kingdom. More Norman than English, the jealous Saxon lords described their ruler.

William set out with a train of nobles in their finest array, with many attendants, with splendid gifts for his host—em-

broidered cloaks, rich armor, spirited horses. A warm welcome awaited him.

"How tall you have grown!" exclaimed the king. "Is it really ten years since I left the duchy? They tell me you've made a great reputation for yourself—that you can wield a sword that always wins its way!"

Splendid entertainment he gave to William—feasts and tournaments, hunting parties and long journeys through the countryside to show his guests the cities and castles and the beauty of England.

Who would be king on the death of the saintly Edward the Confessor? the Normans said to one another. He had no children. There was not one distant relative who could be called an heir, save a little boy in far-away Hungary. Before the visit ended Edward promised that William should be the next ruler of England, repeating a promise made long before when he himself had been at the Norman court.

"If ever the time comes when I sit on the throne, you shall be king after me."

Now Edward had no right to make such a promise. The crown of England was not his to give away like a bag of gold. Every great matter the king must decide with the help of a council of the nobles. The English were a free people who had a share in the government. But to this Edward and William paid no heed.

After his return to Normandy the duke kept in close touch with affairs in the neighboring kingdom. He knew when

Edward became old and feeble that it was his brother-in-law Harold who really governed—and governed well, for love of England filled his heart. Why, and William heard this tale with amazement, he'd even banished his own brother from his earldom in the north because he ruled it badly. Of all the Saxon nobles this man Harold was the most popular. Worth while to watch him, decided the duke; he might try to make himself king.

One day in 1064 a messenger entered the castle at Rouen and demanded to see William. Harold's servant he was, ran his story; a merry party had set out for a day's sail—a sudden storm—the three boats separated—one driven by the high wind across the Channel and cast on the rocky Norman coast—a few escaped, only to be taken captive and held for ransom by a count.

What should William do? If he kept still dungeon and torture rack would hasten the death of the one man who stood between him and the throne of England. His answer was to summon a trusty follower.

"Ride with all speed to the count and ask the freedom of the English earl who is at present in his castle. If need be, demand it and remind him that he's my vassal. Bring the stranger here as my guest."

Land and money he gave the count in place of the ransom. In honor of the Englishman he provided gay entertainment—feasting and minstrelsy, hunting and hawking, even a taste of fighting—the noblest sport of all, said the eleventh century.

One day he took Harold over the whole of the great castle in Rouen—up the narrow winding stairs to the high tower, through the great hall with its tapestries and lights and colors, down to the wine cellars and then down, down to the dungeons below.

"King Edward is feeble and old," he said quietly when they were back in the hall again. "He cannot live many years, perhaps not many months. You are in his counsel. You know, of course, that when I visited him some years ago he promised that I should be his successor. May I depend on you to do your best to secure for me the English crown?"

Calmly he spoke, but in his eyes was a strange glitter like the flashing of a sword suddenly unsheathed. He glanced at the curtained doorway that led down to the dungeons.

Now Harold knew well that the people loved him and were ready to choose him for their ruler. What should he answer? Promise what this Norman asked and give up the crown? or refuse and give himself over to a living death in the dark, horrible place he had just seen? If William tried to seize the throne it meant ruin and bloodshed and devastation over all the land—over England!

"I promise. I will give you my aid."

"All that the king of England can do for another, that will I do for you," promised the duke in turn. "I wish you would tarry longer with us. But since you insist on going, come to the council hall to-morrow. My knights will assemble to bid you farewell and give you their good wishes."

A brilliant gathering Harold found awaiting him—all the bishops and nobles and ladies of the court. William sat in a great carved chair of state. In front of him was a table covered with cloth-of-gold; and on the table a missal and a little casket containing the relics of Saint Candre.

" I know you are a man of your word," began the duke, " and your promise is sufficient. But to increase the loyalty and the confidence of my lords, I ask you to swear here and now that you will do everything in your power to help me gain the throne of England."

The voice was friendly, but stern was the look he bent on the Saxon earl.

" I've gone too far to go back," thought Harold. " Candre is not one of the very powerful saints. If I have to break my word I will do penance and give rich gifts to the church."

So he laid his hand on the missal, then on the casket, and took the oath.

On either side of the duke two priests were standing. Now they stepped forward and lifted the cloth-of-gold from the table. In the great hall there was utter silence.

Harold's face went white. Before him was a chest filled with all the holy relics of Normandy—relics of the most important saints, sent from Rome and from Jerusalem by Duke Robert and now secretly collected from abbeys and monasteries. Above them he had laid his hand as he swore. If the oath were broken every saint would be his enemy and work him harm—so thought men in the eleventh century.

"Our guest sets sail," William turned to his knights. "We will escort him to the harbor and watch him start across the Channel."

"If he keeps his word," the duke added to himself, "it is well. If he breaks his oath, what council in England will trust the throne to one who is forsworn?"

Two years later a man rode up to the castle in Rouen. The duke was hunting in the forest. So important was the news the messenger went to seek him there.

"My lord," he called just as William was taking aim with his great bow—the bow that no other had the strength to bend.

The arrow flew wide.

"How dare you ——"

"Pardon, my lord duke. I bring you news from over the sea. Edward the Confessor is dead. The council has chosen his successor. It is ——" He hesitated. "It is—Harold, Earl of Wessex. Westminster Abbey saw the burial of one king and the next day the coronation of another."

As he listened William's face grew dark with anger. His bow fell to the ground. Without a word he turned, went up the hill to the castle, and in the great hall dropped on a bench and threw his mantle over his face.

The nobles stood in little groups glancing at him and whispering. After a long time one of them ventured to speak.

"Duke William, this is no hour to mourn the death of Edward. This is the moment to cross the Channel and seize the kingdom."

As He Listened to the News of Harold's Coronation, William the Conqueror's Face Grew Dark With Anger

Straightway an embassy was sent to Harold demanding the keeping of his oath.

"Better break a bad oath than keep it," came the answer. "The crown was not Edward's to promise, nor mine to swear away. It is the gift of the nation and the people of England have given it to me. Let the Duke of Normandy beware!"

To win that fair land William must fight for it. He summoned his vassals and asked them to go with him; command them he could not, save for a war in his own dominions. At first they refused saying they had nothing to gain and all to lose. England was a country of fogs and forests, not so rich with vineyards and grainfields as Normandy, the garden of France.

"But I offer you gallant rewards—land and strong castles and great stores of money, booty and office and power."

"We will go."

The invasion of England promised many difficulties: William could not count on any support from the Saxon nobles. Some of his own barons seemed half-hearted in their interest. From every quarter of France he must gather his army—a motley host. He must create a fleet—build and launch and man ships and ships and ships. What a supply of provisions he must have ready!

Each in his own castle, the barons of Normandy summoned their followers. All the seaport towns were building ships. All the inland towns were forging armor and beating out weapons. Never were such preparations made and in so short a time.

Galleys, barges, boats, ships—seven hundred, says one of the old chroniclers; three thousand, says another; long lines of tents near the cliffs; horsemen splendidly mounted and glittering with steel; foot-soldiers with their stuffed tunics and round shields; on every hand the din of hammer and anvil; on every road groups of warriors flocking to join Duke William in this great adventure. A total of sixty thousand.

Harold too, came word from over the sea, had called out his army and his fleet and was keeping watch on the south shore.

The Normans were weather-bound. Straight from the north blew the wind. The surf pounded on the rocky coast. No ships could leave with safety. For six long weeks William waited impatiently. Slowly the September days passed.

Into the harbor came a great warship glittering with decorations. On its red sails were the three lions of Normandy. Its figurehead was a child wrought all of gold. On board was the Duchess Matilda with her attendants.

"I bring you this ship as my gift," she said to her husband. "Fair winds from the south will fill her sails and bear you swiftly, bear you safely to the land that is yours by right."

"So shall it be," he answered. "We will run up at the masthead the banner sent us by the pope at Rome. Do you and your women give us your prayers that God's blessing go with us and bring us success."

The wind changed. To the music of pipes and cymbals the Normans set sail for England.

The boats were crowded with knights in armor, with champ-

ing war-horses, with bowmen and spearmen. The white sails glistened in the bright sunshine that followed the bad weather of September. Gayest and proudest of the fleet was Matilda's ship with the golden boy on the prow, leaning forward to catch the first glimpse of the white cliffs of Dover.

To their surprise no British boats came out to dispute their crossing or their landing. On the shore stood only a few frightened fishermen and peasants. What had happened?

Harold's soldiers had gone home to gather in the harvest. The owners of the fleet had sailed away to attend to their fishing. The king himself with what men he could muster had marched hurriedly to the north to meet another invader—his brother, the banished earl, and the king of Norway. A great battle he fought at Stamford Bridge and won a famous victory. But it was with a weary army he turned southward to meet the duke.

On came the Norman ships and touched the shore. William was the first to spring to land. His foot slipped and he fell.

"Alas, what bad luck!" exclaimed the superstitious soldiers.

"See!" their leader cried as he jumped up with a laugh and held out his hands full of earth, "see, I've already taken hold of my kingdom. From this moment England is mine!"

He gave a quick order to the captains.

"Sink some of the boats. Pull the others far up on the shore—so far up that they can't be put to sea again. We will conquer or die. Never will I return to Normandy disgraced by this Saxon dog who breaks his oaths."

Weakened by the long march and by their losses in the battle in the north, the English were resting in London. Harold had called out all his subjects and from every side they were hastening to join him. His brother suggested a new plan.

" Stay here within the city walls and let me go to meet these invaders. I swore no oath and can fight with clean hands. If I'm killed, what matter? Between here and the south coast do you order your men to burn all the houses, cut down the trees, lay waste the fields. Then if I fail and the Norman wolves march toward London, they'll find no shelter and no food for their soldiers."

" And what was Harold's answer? " asked William of the man who brought this story.

" Proudly he looked at his brother and said he'd never harm an English village or burn an Englishman's house or hurt his goods or lands."

When a Saxon spy was found within the long lines of tents that made up the Norman camp, he was dragged before the duke.

" Go back to Harold," William ordered after he'd promised the fellow his life, " and tell him from me to put himself in the safest place he can find in all his dominions, and if he does not find my hand upon him before the year is out he never need fear me again as long as he lives."

Again the invader sent formal messengers to the king in London.

"By Edward's will and by your own oath I call upon you to give up the throne."

"This is my reply," Harold said calmly. "In no court is an extorted oath held sacred, but it is null and void. The council has voted that the oath I swore in your castle is not binding, for it was taken against my will. I offer you my friendship and rich gifts if you depart without violence or harm to England. If not I and my brave men will meet you in battle on Saturday, the fourteenth day of the month. We have just driven an invader from our northern coast. So we will drive you from the southern."

Now some of the Norman nobles feared the power of the Saxons.

"The more formidable it prove to be," William assured them, "the better I'll be pleased, as the glory in overcoming it will be all the greater. Do not give yourselves any concern. Perform your parts like men and you'll find the result which I feel sure of, which you hope for, will certainly be attained."

From their camp near the village of Hastings that Saturday morning in October came the duke's army. Seven miles away on the hill called Senlac Harold had placed his men behind a stout palisade. The battle that followed, the battle that makes 1066 one of the important dates in the world's history, is sometimes called Senlac and sometimes Hastings.

The English were fewer in number—one to four—but had the advantage of position. In the two wings were soldiers armed with clubs and javelins, some with pitchforks and stone

hammers and sharp stakes. In the center were the veterans with their great battle-axes—terrible and deadly weapons in the hands of strong men. Flying high was the dragon banner of England, and near it Harold's standard with the figure of a warrior woven in gold thread and adorned with jewels.

When the Normans came in sight of this array on the hillside they stopped in their march and put on their armor. The duke's squire brought his coat of mail and by chance changed the front and back pieces.

"An evil omen!" cried the soldiers.

"Trust in God, not in signs and warnings," William said with a smile to quiet their fears. "But if this is an omen it means that just as I change this hauberk I will be changed—from duke to king."

His men answered with a great shout.

It was nine o'clock.

Carefully the Norman had laid his plans. Now his troops formed in line of battle: the slingers and archers, then the heavy-armed foot-soldiers, behind them the knights on horseback with lance and sword. In the very center under the holy banner sent by the pope were the duke and his two half-brothers—one of them a bishop who of course was forbidden to carry spear or sword, and so armed himself with a war-club! William carried no lance, but a heavy mace of iron, as terrible a weapon as Harold's battle-axe.

Suddenly a man tall and handsome, gaily dressed, rode out in front of the Norman lines.

"Who is that?"

"Taillefer, the minstrel," said the archers to one another. "Listen—he's singing the old, old French song—the wonderful deeds of our hero Roland."

Loudly they cheered him as he made his horse prance and caper, and tossed his sword into the air and caught it as it fell.

"Duke William," he called, "long, long ago in your castle of Falaise you promised me whatever gift I asked of you. Grant me this to-day—to strike the first blow against Harold, the usurper."

"I grant it."

Wheeling his horse suddenly the minstrel dashed toward the English line. He thrust his lance at one man, cut down a second with his sword, and himself lay dead upon the hillside, pierced with many a weapon.

"God aid us! God aid us!" shouted the Normans and charged up the slope.

"Holy Cross! Holy Cross!" cried the defenders.

One after the other the charges failed. Against the palisade and the wall of shields they were as effectual as a shower of rain beating on an English oak. The invaders fell back. Their lines were in disorder.

"Flee, my lord duke!" shouted a soldier.

"Save yourself!"

"Is the duke hurt?" called out a third.

"The duke is dead—dead!" someone shrieked. Through

the lines ran that wild cry and back, back the men fled panic-stricken.

William opened his helmet to show his face. In the roar and tumult his voice rang out like a trumpet call to rally his followers.

"I live and will conquer yet! Come back, come back! Why do you run? Come back or with my own hands I'll smite you down!"

At the head of a group of nobles he rode toward the hill. His horse fell under him. On foot he went nearer. Through the ring of warriors around Harold's standard his mace crashed its way. He struck down the king's two brothers. His second horse was killed. He mounted a third and went on.

Here and there the palisade was yielding. Behind it William saw deep ranks of brave and stubborn Englishmen with their firmly grasped shields making a wall stronger than any palisade. He gave a signal, planned beforehand with his captains. Some of the Normans turned, broke ranks and fled down the hill pell-mell.

From their safe position some of the English rushed out and pursued. So excited were they, they failed to hear their leaders calling, "Back, back to your places! That's an old trick—why, the Danes played it on our ancestors two hundred years ago."

William watching gave a second signal. His troops wheeled about, formed quickly, and cut down their unprotected pur-

suers. Then through the broken lines they captured the English center. At three the hill seemed won.

With fierce cries of " Out! Out! " the Saxon nobles plied axe and javelin around the standard of their king. Unyielding his bodyguard stood at bay. At six o'clock the fight still raged at that one spot. To attack the firm line of shields was like assaulting a fortress of stone.

Suddenly a plan came to William.

" Send the archers here," he ordered. " Tell them to shoot their arrows straight up into the air."

From overhead the storm fell upon the English. The flight of arrows told heavily on the dense mass crowded at the foot of the standard. It was the most terrible happening of that long day at Senlac.

" Now, now," called the duke when he saw the Saxons holding their shields high over their heads, " this is the moment for Norman lance and Norman sword."

As the sun went down a shaft pierced Harold's eye and he fell. Over his body his knights fought bravely. Twilight came and ended the deadly struggle. The noblest and the best men of England lay with their king—dead on the field of Hastings.

Torn, stained with blood, trampled in the dust the royal standard went down. In its place in the cold October wind flew the banner of the duke with the three golden lions of Normandy.

"What shall we do with Harold's body?" asked some of the nobles.

"Bury him on the seashore," William answered. "Well he guarded it while he lived. Let him guard it still in death."

They wrapped the body in a robe of purple, as became a king, and buried him on the shore of the sea. Over the grave the conqueror had a stone placed with the Latin words, "Here lies Harold the unhappy." Years later when his remains were carried northward to the abbey of Waltham, on that spot by the sea stood the high altar of another abbey, built in sorrow, perhaps in remorse by William of Normandy and named by him Battle Abbey. The ruins of both you may see when you go to England.

For five days the duke remained at Hastings waiting for the Saxon nobles to seek him out and acclaim him as their king. Not one came. They were full of grief for the death of Harold, full of a sullen hatred for the conqueror. Own him as their ruler they would not.

The battle was won, but that did not mean that England was won. Through the south country marched the Normans, fierce and terrible. Where the people yielded they were mild enough. Where any resisted they were merciless.

In London the chief men of the kingdom gathered.

"Duke William is ravaging the land. Soon we'll have nothing but fields laid waste and ruins of burned houses. Resist no longer. For very need let us submit."

"A leader—if we had a leader! There's no heir to the

crown but the little boy from Hungary. He can't speak our language. He's almost a foreigner. He has no friends, no party, no army. What council could hope to accomplish anything in his name? It seems hopeless."

"Perhaps the great duke will make England strong as he's made Normandy."

After long debate they voted to yield and offer the throne to William.

On Christmas Day great crowds gathered in Westminster Abbey. Clergy in rich vestments, nobles in splendid mantles sparkling with gems, guards in gleaming armor who lined the aisles that led up to the altar—happy Norman faces, the English silent and sullen.

After the prayers and litany, the chanting of psalms, the bishop's voice rang through the church.

"This man before you," he spoke in French, "is William, Duke of Normandy. I present him to you with the blessing of the church. Do you take him to be your king?"

"We do, we do!" came the answers in French.

He asked the question again, this time in English.

From unwilling lips, not from glad English hearts came the reply, "We do."

"King William! King William!" shouted the Normans in the abbey.

From outside the building came an echoing cry, "Fire! Fire!" Through the many-colored windows a red light flickered. Instead of keeping order in the London streets the sol-

diers had set fire to some houses and were plundering the people. Men rushed from the abbey—some in great fear, some to join the robbers. The duke of Normandy was left alone with a few priests.

At the steps of the high altar he knelt and kissed the cross. He laid his hand upon the gospels.

"Do you solemnly swear ——"

Did the memory of another oath, taken on a council table covered with cloth-of-gold, flash across his mind? Was that why his voice shook as he answered?

"I do solemnly swear to fear God, to rule the people according to the laws of Alfred and of Edward, to do justice and mercy to all that abide within this realm."

With trembling hands the bishop placed the crown upon his head—not Harold's crown, but a new one that glittered with splendid jewels. Hurriedly the service was finished.

Down the aisle of the silent, empty abbey the king passed alone. The priests followed him.

In England as in Normandy William was a wise ruler. He made no changes in the old customs or laws. The privileges of London town he recognized by royal writ—the oldest of the precious papers in the city archives. He tried, but in vain, to learn English so that he could himself administer justice in the courts. On the surface the land was quiet and at peace.

The great estates held by Harold and his family the king gave to the barons who had helped him win the throne. The lands of all who fell at Senlac were forfeit to the crown. The

highest positions were filled by Normans. The English were little better than their servants and slaves.

The discontent and bitter hatred broke out into fierce revolt in the north. By gentle means if possible, if not by harsh means, William determined to be master. Never again should men rebel against his rule.

Over the land he swept like a flame. With fire and sword he ravaged the countryside. Whole villages were burned. The people were slain or driven over the border into Scotland. The coast was laid waste that it might not help a Danish invasion in the future. The harvest was destroyed, the cattle killed, even the plows and farming tools demolished. For fifty years the land lay untilled and desolate.

Not Hastings with its victory, but this struggle in the north of England gave him the name William the Conqueror.

What the sword had won he would hold by the sword. All over England he built castles to chain the land, at London a fortress called the Tower. His rule was stern and severe, but it established order throughout his dominions.

" A good peace he made," wrote the old chronicler, " so that a man might travel unmolested over the kingdom with a bosom full of gold."

William has to his credit some acts that were wise and kind. He ended the slave trade at Bristol. He abolished punishment by death. During his reign there was but one execution. In the chief towns he settled Jewish traders who brought much capital into England.

Even with peace there was little happiness for his Saxon subjects. Side by side they lived with the Normans, but far apart the two groups were kept by bitter hatred. To fuse them into one, to blend the two languages was a task that required a century. Deeply the English resented any interference.

By William's order the bells rang in every town and village at eight o'clock in the evening—a signal for putting out all lights and fires. "Couvre feu," the bells said—French words for "cover your fire," and so the people called it the curfew bell. It wasn't a hard rule to obey in the days when men rose early and went early to bed. And certainly it meant less danger of fire when all houses were built of wood. But the English complained that the king was infringing on their liberty.

They hated him too for the New Forest, his hunting ground in the south country. Thirty miles of Hampshire he took to make it. The poor people were turned out of their homes. Whole villages were burned and ruined. Just for the king's pleasure!

Worst of all he made cruel forest laws: blindness for the man who dared kill one of the royal deer. His family was homeless and starving? They needed the venison to eat? No matter. For many years these acts were in force. You remember Robin Hood was outlawed for breaking them.

Saxon nobles and commons and even some of the Normans resented the making of the Doomsday Book. Thus they called it because its records seemed as final as those in the book of

judgment and spared no man. Into every shire the king's officers were sent to learn how much land it contained and who owned each piece.

"How much woodland? how much pasture?" they asked. "How much plowed land? meadows? How many cattle and oxen? any sheep? any pigs? How much revenue did this lord pay to King Edward? How much should King William receive yearly?"

A marvelous report these two great volumes give us—to-day they're treasures of the London Record Office—a description of every estate in England, a picture of the nation. Such a measure is now a common policy for the fixing of taxes. But when it was carried out for a first time the people were enraged.

"Our taxes will be made larger," they complained.

"It's a piece of insolence for the royal clerks to come into our homes and ask so many questions and write down on their parchments the value of our land and houses and all our possessions."

Duke of Normandy and king of England, William lived now in one country, now in the other. War broke out with France. He summoned his vassals, captured and burned a town belonging to his foe. Through the flaming ruins he rode. Suddenly his horse stepped into some hot ashes and stumbled. He met with a bad fall.

As he lay dying they asked who should rule after him. To the oldest son who was away fighting he gave the duchy of Normandy.

"And England?"

"I should like William to have it," he turned to his second son, "but the crown of England is not mine to give away."

The young man leaned over the royal bed and from his father's finger drew the signet ring.

The king turned to his third son and whispered, "To you I give five thousand pounds in silver."

Off they hastened to get the money and the crown. At dawn the duke of Normandy and king of England died alone.

As the funeral procession moved along the street of Caen a fire broke out in the town. The men carrying the bier fled. William was left unattended save for a few priests. After long delay the coffin was taken on to the abbey of St. Stephen's.

The monks had removed some of the stone in the church floor. When they were ready to lower the king's body into this grave a young man stopped them.

"This ground is mine. It belonged to my father. The king you are burying took it from him by force to build this abbey. It was when he wedded the Duchess Matilda. By right it is mine. I forbid you to place his body here until justice is done me."

The priests paid the young man sixty shillings—the value of ground enough for a grave. Then William the Conqueror was laid to rest. A black marble slab in front of the altar marks the place.

A mere lad, he governed a turbulent duchy. Over a rich and powerful kingdom he ruled and his descendants after him for

many years. Though there was bitter hatred at first the fusion of Saxon and Norman made England the foremost nation of the world.

You must judge him by eleventh century standards, not by ours of to-day. Do you blame him for taking advantage of a helpless prisoner and forcing Harold to swear that fatal oath? Must you not blame Harold for making a promise he did not mean to keep?

The Tower of London and many a Norman castle keep alive his memory in England. In the market-place of Falaise you can see his statue almost under the ruins of the castle where he was born, where he drove away the French besiegers. From its turret windows you can look down on the lovely valley where peasant women wash their linen, just as Duke Robert gazed down at the stream and fell in love with a tanner's daughter, the mother of William the Conqueror.

In Caen you can see the two beautiful abbey churches which the pope ordered him to build after his marriage. And most fascinating of all you can pore over the famous Bayeux tapestry—a narrow strip of cloth, full seventy yards long, embroidered in woolen threads of many colors by Matilda and her women. The whole story of the conquest is there pictured—men and horses, ships and castles—hundreds of figures with inscriptions in Latin.

Strange, isn't it, that a strip of linen should last nearly a thousand years when the buildings of William the Conqueror's time are a heap of ruins!

THE MAN WHO KEPT HIS WORD

William Penn: 1644–1718

"BUT I find this hard to believe," answered the dean of Christ Church College. "Young Penn, the son of the admiral?"

"I agree with you," the canon said. "The father's a very important person at court. He's rich and successful and ambitious. He goes in the very best society. He lives in London's fashionable district—Tower Hill. Yet this ringleader is really his son."

"Let's look at his record. Entered at sixteen, comes from the grammar school at Chigwell—no wonder he's such a good

student—likes athletics. High marks in Greek and Latin. All the modern languages too—German, French, and Dutch and Italian. Well liked by everyone."

"That's certainly true, sir. Everybody likes Penn—for his good mind or his skill in rowing and jumping, or maybe for his money and his father's high rank."

And now he was in disgrace at Oxford. With a few other students he'd been to hear a Quaker preach—a fellow just out of prison. As a result they refused to go to the church of England services in the college chapel. Attendance was required. They were stubborn and would not go. The dean and the canons decided to fine them.

"Who are these Quakers?" someone asked. "Another group of Dissenters? Who belongs?"

"Nobody but poor, common working people, cobblers and tinkers. Ignorant and despised fellows. A man named Fox —George Fox is said to have started the crazy sect."

"Why crazy?" the dean questioned.

"Oh, because of the queer things they say they believe and the queerer things they do. They won't take an oath even in court. They won't fight—war is wrong—and they'll pay no taxes for it. All men are equal, hence they won't take off their hats to a duke or a prince, nor to the king himself. Always they say 'thee' and 'thou' instead of 'you.' It's wrong to wear rich and elegant clothes or gay colors—that makes people proud and vain. Oh, their plain drab garments!"

"And strangest of all is this," added one of the group.

"They're bold and fearless when they defy the law. Why, they seem eager to suffer!"

"An odd name—Quakers."

"They didn't name themselves that. Fox calls them Friends—friends of all the world. It's outsiders who call them Quakers. I don't know whether it's because their leaders tremble with earnestness when they preach or because they talk about God's wrath till the whole congregation's quaking. But the name sticks to them. Quakers—ugh!"

The authorities of Christ Church College knew the outside facts of young Penn's life. The spiritual side they could not know. They thought of him with the background of that luxurious London home. But for all the years the father was away at sea, fighting now the Spanish, now the Dutch, the boy lived with his mother in a little Puritan country town. There he grew up hearing constant talk of liberty and of human rights. He was quieter than the other boys and more serious. Of the vision he saw when he was a lad of twelve, his room suddenly filled with light and glory, in his heart a sense of peace and comfort, he said nothing. But from that hour something deep and holy in purpose came into his life.

Now the Quaker's talk matched with that. He could no longer go to the church of England service.

The little group of rebels went a step farther. They refused to wear their long black gowns—too much like the surplices of Rome—popish rags! When one night on the High Street of Oxford they met some Christ Church men they tore the gowns

from their backs and with long sticks pushed them into the sewer.

"Bold and unruly proceedings!" said the dean. "This is too much."

He summoned young Penn and lectured him. In disgrace the son of the admiral was expelled from Oxford.

When this news reached the house in Tower Hill the father was very angry. What dishonor for their proud family! His boy sent away from college? Would he turn Quaker next and join this despised sect?

"All my plans and hopes gone for naught! I've given him every advantage—birth and fortune and education—far more than I had for a start in life. I chose Christ Church because it's the college of the aristocracy. I wanted to push him toward a high career. With my position at court every door's open to him. And now—now ——" he walked up and down scolding and grumbling.

"But remember," cautioned his good wife, "you can't manage William by arguing with him. You can't change his mind."

"What then?"

"Do you think a bit of travel might help? new scenes? a trip to the Continent?"

When William came home little was said about the beliefs of the Quakers.

"Would you like a complete change?" the admiral suggested. "Some friends of mine from the court are crossing to

Paris. You'll like the gay life there. You shall have plenty of fine clothes and plenty of money."

"And I trust," he added to himself, "you'll return without one of those queer ideas in your head. You must be a courtier."

Father and mother were pleased with the news that came from time to time during the two years their son was abroad. He was presented at court and was soon a favorite with the young French king, Louis XIV. He took his place in the social life of the most fashionable Parisians. He fought a duel in the street. He traveled through Switzerland and Italy. He was very handsome, very popular.

With critical glances they looked him over on his return: a strongly-built young man with large blue eyes and long dark hair curling on his shoulders; elegant French clothes—Pepys wrote about them in his famous diary—and polished French manners too; a sword; pretty speeches to the ladies and courtly replies. Yes, yes, they were delighted. What a change from the sober student who was called "a Quaker or some other melancholy thing!"

Proudly the admiral took him to court and presented him to the merry Charles II.

Only for a year did this gaiety last. Then the dreadful plague struck London town. On every side were sickness and death. In Drury Lane Penn saw in May two or three houses marked with red crosses and "Lord, have mercy!" Many, many such houses he saw as day by day the pestilence grew

worse. The bells scarcely ceased tolling even at night. His face took on a serious, earnest look.

"He needs a change," said the admiral. "He's as sober as when he thought he was interested in the Quakers. He must have some diversion. I'll send him over to Ireland to look after my estates."

Change he certainly found in Ireland. An insurrection broke out. Young Penn volunteered as a soldier. To his surprise he liked military life. He had his portrait painted in full armor—you can see it to-day in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

In a clothing store in Cork he chanced to hear the woman say "thee" and "thou."

"You're a Friend? I heard one of their preachers at Oxford. If only I knew where that man is, if it were a hundred miles off I'd go to hear him again."

"What was his name?"

Penn told her.

"Thee need not go so far. He's lately come thither and will be at meeting to-morrow."

He determined to go. When the preaching began the tears rolled down Penn's face. Every word went straight to his heart. He felt as if the Lord stood by beckoning him—a vision of the truth and a call to duty. With all his mind and soul he went over to this new religion.

Well he knew what this step meant. Giving up court,

wealth, position and honors. But Quaker ideas had gripped him. He too was a Friend.

Whenever there was opportunity he went to their meetings. One day the police with a party of soldiers broke in upon the quiet of a service, for any religious meeting except the church of England's was against the law, arrested the whole congregation and took them off to court.

In front of the mayor stood a long line of men in the broad-brimmed hats and drab coats that later were to be so familiar a sight.

"Who is that?" he asked the clerk pointing to a figure distinct from the rest because of laces and frills and a bright-hilted sword.

"Mr. William Penn of London—the son of Admiral Penn," the man reported.

"Why are you here with these Quakers?" the mayor turned to this prisoner.

"I am one of them."

"Give me your word not to attend these meetings and I'll let you go free."

"I thank thee, sir. I will go to prison with the rest."

You can guess what excitement this news made in Tower Hill and among the society folk of London.

"Again my son disgraces us," cried the admiral. "I'm thoroughly disgusted with him. I intended him for a far different sort of life. Oxford and foreign travel—and now my friends try to console me!"

But he found, when Penn was released from that Irish prison and went home to London, that he loved his son in spite of his queer religion. The drift of his mind was beyond understanding. Some of the Quaker customs were hard to accept.

"I'll forgive you everything else," he finally offered, "if you'll agree to take off your hat to me—that's only respectful—and to the king and to the Duke of York—that's only deference to royalty."

"Give me till to-morrow to answer thee."

"H'm, must you consult the Quakers to make up your mind for you?"

"I meant I will pray over the matter and then do what my conscience bids me."

The next day his answer was No. Even to please his father he could not go against his conscience.

At court he boldly stood in the royal presence with his hat on. Now Charles II had a keen sense of humor and loved his bit of fun. Instead of getting angry he laughingly reached up and doffed his own hat with its long plume.

"Why dost thou remove thy hat?"

"Well," said the king and laughed again, "it's the custom wherever I am for only one to remain covered."

Between Penn and his father there were constant differences. They were both determined not to give way. At last the admiral's patience was completely gone. He thrashed his son, drove him from home and told him never to return. How the young Quaker would have lived I don't know, but his mother

found a way to send him money in secret. Later she interceded with her husband and William was allowed to go back.

All his influence he used in behalf of the persecuted Friends. Most of them were very poor men. He was wealthy. Most of them were ignorant. He was well educated. They were humble folk, scorned and despised. He was great and powerful. Yet siding with them meant sharing in their sufferings.

More than once Penn was thrown into prison and stayed for weeks, for months. For what offense? for writing tracts about the doctrines of the Friends, for refusing to take an oath in court, for preaching at a Quaker meeting. He begged his father not to pay his fines and so buy his liberty.

" Thou mayst tell him," was the word he sent by a servant, " that this dark cell shall be my grave before I'll budge a jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man. I have no fear. God will make amends for all."

" I vow, Mr. Penn," said the judge when he'd been arrested at the moment he took off his hat to pray in the midst of his preaching, " I'm sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman and you have a plentiful estate. Why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a people? I must send you to Newgate for six months."

" I would have thee and all men know I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain those that are afflicted for its sake. Thy religion persecutes. Mine forgives. I desire God to forgive you all that are concerned in my commitment."

When a bishop went to argue with him Penn answered calmly, " They are mistaken in me. The Tower of London's the worst argument in the world to convince me. Whoever's in the wrong, those who use force for religion can never be in the right."

As he sat in his dungeon, with scanty fire in the depth of winter, without the privilege of seeing a friend, he took to writing—the solace of many a prisoner. One pamphlet after another he wrote explaining and warmly defending his faith. Bold and fearless they were, for he was fired with zeal. They were printed at his own expense and given away.

More than two hundred years later a young Scot, convalescent after a dangerous illness, was wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco. In what spirit could he face the world again? A fortunate chance made him pick up in a bookstall a small volume of Penn's, *Some Fruits of Solitude.* I must tell you, to be exact, it wasn't written in the Tower, but it's a fair sample of his style.

The invalid read it and his hopes were excited. It was like a direct message from heaven. He carried it in his pocket, pored over it in street-cars and ferry-boats, and found it in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion.

" If ever in all my life," said Robert Louis Stevenson to the friend to whom he gave his precious copy, " I've done a better thing than handing you this book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible. At least I can hand it on to another."

When he was finally released from prison and went about the country preaching Penn heard again and again sad stories of difficulties the Friends were meeting. The police forced a way into their homes, seized their furniture, drove away their cattle. Prison sentences, public whippings in the streets, an hour in the stocks—such were their punishments for conscience's sake. And this was true not only in England but in Ireland and Wales, in Germany and Holland, even in Massachusetts.

But, you ask, were the laws against the Quakers more severe than against any other sect?

I suppose not. Any group who refused to go to the church of England services might be treated just as badly. But for the others there was a refuge. Puritans and Catholics had their colonies in the New World. Why shouldn't the Friends have theirs?

About this time Admiral Penn died. His son found that he had a good income from the estates in England and Ireland—fifteen hundred pounds a year—and a large sum was due him from the king—about sixteen thousand pounds. Part of this was salary long overdue, and part was loans, for the extravagant Charles II borrowed on every hand.

"The king loves luxury and pleasure," said the young Quaker to himself as a sudden plan flashed across his mind. "He's always deeply in debt. What chance that he'll ever pay me? Won't he promise and then delay and delay? Why not make a bargain with him—instead of gold, ask for a large tract

THE KING LAUGHINGLY DICTATED, "PENNSYLVANIA—PENN'S WOODLAND"

of land in America? Then my colony would be assured instead of remaining a dream project."

So to the palace Penn went again, dressed not in his Paris clothes, but in a long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat—and the hat he kept on. He presented his request. After some months it was granted by the king. A simple way to pay an old and troublesome debt. Easy to give land in that far-away continent—have a secretary make out a patent, sign it and the thing was done.

"West of the Delaware River and north of Maryland," wrote the secretary of the royal council on the scrolls of heavy parchment whose first sheet bore the portrait of Charles II. Each line he underscored with red. The borders he decorated with quaint devices. How large was this tract of land? Over forty thousand square miles; more than Ireland, indeed nearly as large as England.

"New Wales," answered Penn when the secretary paused to ask its name. "Our family came from Wales originally. Besides they tell me the mountains there are like those in Wales."

"No, no," the man objected vigorously. He was a loyal Welshman and would not have the loved name used for a settlement of these despised Quakers.

"Very well, then call it Sylvania, for the land's well wooded."

Then the king interrupted and laughingly dictated, "Pennsylvania—Penn's woodland."

" But—but, Sire, that would never do. I can't have people say I seek to do myself so much honor."

" Not for you, my young friend, but Pennsylvania in honor of my old friend, the admiral."

And so the word was written on the patent and on the map. The Welshman stood firm though according to one story the new owner offered him twenty guineas to omit the first syllable.

" Those peaceful folk, the Quakers, starting a colony across the Atlantic with savage Indians on every side? " London commented. " How long will it last when its men won't fight? won't even wear swords? "

Penn himself, by the way, continued to wear his sword even after he'd become a preacher. He asked George Fox what to do.

" I advise thee," was the gentle answer, " to wear it as long as thou canst."

Some time later Fox met William Penn and noticed that he had no sword.

" Where is thy sword? "

" I've taken thy advice. I wore it as long as I could."

Stories of hardship and sickness and famine that had been the fate of early settlers in Virginia and Massachusetts, stories of cruel Indian raids and massacres, stories of religious persecution were well known in England. Penn wanted his colonists to avoid these troubles. He dreamed of making Pennsylvania the home of liberty—civil liberty and religious liberty—and the home of peace.

The king's patent named him the governor and his heirs after him. He had the power to make the laws, to appoint all the officers. In the advertisement he wrote telling his Quaker friends about the new settlement in America, he announced that the people should make the laws and elect the judges.

"We lay a foundation for after ages to understand their liberty as men and as Christians," he said, "that they may not be brought into bondage but by their own consent; for we put the power in the people."

In Europe he'd seen the disadvantages of enormous estates. He would sell land to the colonists. What a price! Two pounds for a hundred acres. If some were too poor to buy they could rent for a time. Again what a price! A shilling an acre. The voyage would cost six pounds. If some did not have the money he'd arrange for their passage and they could pay double rent.

From every part of England and of Wales Friends sailed to the new settlement that promised them so much. Three thousand went the first year. There was a party of persecuted Germans who bought a solid block of fifteen thousand acres—the great suburb of Philadelphia called Germantown. From Holland there were several groups who were promptly nicknamed "the Pennsylvania Dutch."

A man of great thoughts and far-seeing plans was this William Penn. He proposed a parliament of Europe to settle all disputes between the nations. Almost two and a half centuries later we are but taking the first steps toward that ideal.

He suggested too a union of the American colonies, each to send two representatives to decide matters of common interest. Almost a hundred years passed before this was carried out.

But the greatest plan, the most practical, was the constitution he made for Pennsylvania. "The Holy Experiment" he called it, as ideal a scheme of government as Plato's or Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. But Penn stands out from these men because he made his plans on paper and then made them work out in practice. A short and simple document it was with only twenty-four articles—you can see the various drafts in a Philadelphia museum, with his comments in the margins; after it had been tried out the twenty-four were reduced to nine.

The most important of all was the one promising religious liberty. That was Penn's great enthusiasm. It was a new idea in the world of that day. William the Silent was urging it in Holland. Roger Williams was its pioneer in America.

"It means," argued this Quaker, "no taxes to support a state church. The right to vote must not depend on a man's creed. Absolute freedom of worship, not a mere permission to this faith or that one to exist."

Over and over and over in letters and speeches and advertisements Penn urged his idea. So deeply did he impress this upon his colony that long after his death when the tale of Braddock's defeat reached Philadelphia and a mob assembled bent on destroying a Catholic church for its members' supposed sympathy with the French, it was the Quakers who in-

sisted that the government must protect the property of the Roman Catholics!

The second great enthusiasm of Penn's life was his love of peace. The other colonies had records stained by their treatment of the Indians. Oh no, they didn't set out to steal the land and cheat in trade and then make war upon the red men. But some of the settlers were knaves. If a difficulty arose the whites stood by one another, right or wrong. Nobody cared to adjust a slight trouble and prevent fighting.

" All this," resolved Penn, " shall not occur in my colony."

He'd bought the land from the king of England. Now he'd buy it again from the savages who had owned it for years and years. This was not a new plan. The Dutch purchased the island of Manhattan, the Swedes part of the Delaware valley. Where two tribes claimed a tract Penn paid them both. Thus he laid the foundation stone for peace.

There followed the famous treaty of good will and friendship at Shackamaxon. It was June of 1683, tradition says. The dark-faced Indians came with all their arms, with their bodies painted yellow and red and blue, with feathers in their hair. Down the river came the governor's barge, built high at bow and stern. The oarsmen turned in toward the great elm tree that had for decades been a favorite meeting place for the different tribes. The councilors landed, then William Penn marked by a wide sash of sky-blue.

" We are ready to hear the great Onas," said one of the chiefs.

Onas was the Indian word for pen or quill.

With the manner of a courtier the Quaker rose, bowed to the groups that sat each in a half circle around its sachem, and unrolled a long parchment. Section by section he read the agreement for trading, the promise of friendship. He emphasized his wish for two things—peace and fair dealing. The interpreter translated. In grave silence the Indians listened, then shouted their approval.

"This place of Shackamaxon," and Penn opened wide his arms as he spoke to take in all the space under the spreading elm on the bank of the Delaware, "shall belong to us both—to white men and to red men."

An old chief came forward, spokesman for the others. He took the governor's hand and gave a solemn pledge.

"To all the Quakers we will be good neighbors and show them kindness."

"Take this," Penn handed him the parchment, "and keep it with great care. Then your sons and their sons in turn will know what we have agreed to this day. Some men call you children and brothers; but brothers may quarrel and fathers may whip their children severely. Some say the friendship between you and them is like a chain; but a forest tree might fall and break the chain or the rains might rust it. I will call you my friends."

"We will live in love with you," replied the old chief, "as long as creeks and rivers run, as long as the sun and moon shall shine."

Such was the treaty of Shackamaxon. It was but one of many, many treaties between Englishmen and Indians. From all the others it stands out for this: it was never sworn to—the Quakers did not take oaths—and it was never broken. In the book of history it is a clean, white page without a stain—a page of justice and honesty and fair dealing.

Great results it had for Pennsylvania. When in other colonies ill-treatment sent the red men on the warpath, when fierce cries and savage tomahawks kept the people uneasy, there was no trouble here. Years later when those tribes were moved out to Ohio, then to Kansas and finally into Oklahoma, they still felt that men in broad-brimmed hats could be trusted. When fighting did come, over the door of every Quaker house the Indians put a white feather of peace.

"No one here must meet with any harm," said this signal. "The red man is his friend."

If any Englishman should wrong an Indian, Penn announced that he should receive exactly the same punishment as if he'd wronged another Englishman. Every transaction must be stamped with fairness. It might not be the case in all the colonies, but in Pennsylvania when land was measured the maps were not false, the bearings of the compass were true. Furs were bought by weight and the scales were just. Cloth was sold by a yardstick that was a full yard.

In what other settlement were little girls, lost in the woods, guided safely home by a redskin who found them by chance? Where save in Pennsylvania could frontiersmen leave their

children with their savage neighbors while they went to Philadelphia to meeting? Slight things in themselves; but they show the kindly feelings on both sides. Nor did they occur when William Penn was living there and cease the moment his back was turned. On white men and on red alike he pressed home his ideal of peace and friendliness. His words and his spirit hovered over the colony. For years and years he was the inspiration and the guide of Pennsylvania.

At a time when he was in need of funds—for he used his fortune without stint and spent thousands of pounds that he knew he couldn't hope to get back—an English company agreed to pay a large sum for the right to trade with the Indians. He could not trust them never to take advantage of the savages. He refused, to their great surprise.

"William Penn is offered great things," said one of these merchants, "six thousand pounds for a monopoly of trade which he rejects. I believe truly he does aim more at justice and righteousness and spreading of truth than at his own particular gain."

As he sowed he reaped. The colony grew by leaps and bounds. In three years' time the main town boasted nearly four hundred houses. In the wilderness scores of little farms were laid out, for open country and scattered fields held no lurking enemy.

Penn's country place was a full twenty miles away. It was a fine brick building sixty feet wide, with a great hall on the first floor used for meetings of the council and for entertaining.

The governor kept open house for all who came—ministers and politicians and passing strangers, English and Swedes, negroes and Indians. For one dinner in honor of some savage chiefs, when the tables were spread in the garden under the avenue of poplars, venison was served and a hundred roast turkeys.

"What's the secret of the amazing growth of your colony?" an old friend in London asked Penn. "No other settlement has such a record—so many people in so short a time, such prosperity—a ship a week! Is it that you know how to manage the Indians? It must be difficult."

"Why no, not at all. It's the easiest thing in the world. Simply be just."

In every way Penn was their friend. He visited in their villages. He played with the children. He shared their feast of hominy and roasted acorns. Sometimes he joined in their sports. One day while they were leaping and jumping he suddenly sprang up and took his place in the line. He beat them all and thus delighted the young braves.

For the walks that measured a purchase of land, "as far as a man can walk in a day," say about twenty miles, more than once they went together. The whole group sat down to rest, the Indians smoking their pipes, the whites eating biscuit and cheese. In fact after they came to know him the savages were willing to leave the price to their friend Onas.

"As many knives and axes," runs one of their agreements, "as many kettles and blankets and looking-glasses, as many

stockings and shoes as the said William Penn shall please to give us."

Now you mustn't think that peace and religious liberty were the only ideals of this Quaker for his colony. " The Holy Experiment " had other unique provisions, far in advance of that century. There was to be no imprisonment for debt for small sums, no death punishment for small crimes. The jails were to be workhouses and reformatories. Who knew better than Friends the horrors and the evils of the English prison system? Pennsylvania's became a model. The first hospital in America was here, the first for convalescents, " the bettering house " they called it. The very old and the sick were public charges. All children were to be taught some useful trade.

Before Penn sailed to America he drew up not only a constitution, but a plan for a capital.

" What shall we call our town? " he asked his wife as they bent over the map and sketched out its streets.

" Philadelphia," she suggested promptly.

" Philadelphia," he repeated slowly, " Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, the Greek words mean. Just the right name, dear wife. We'll trust that brotherly love will be the spirit of its citizens. This town is the child of my hopes and dreams."

" Here's the very place where it must go," she pointed on the map where the two rivers came together, the Delaware and the Schuylkill.

" We'll make it a great square." Penn took up his pencil

and drew the first city plan. "Two streets crossing at right angles—High Street and—thee name the other."

"And Broad Street."

"Good—that'll divide it into four parts. In the center of each part a public square. And here where the two main streets meet a great open space—say about ten acres—for all the public buildings."

This plan you can trace clearly to-day though the city has grown and grown far beyond Penn's hopes and dreams. If only Philadelphia could have carried out his scheme for open spaces along the rivers, lined with trees! No buildings there, he said; it should be always a beautiful spot for the people to enjoy.

"First Street, Second Street, Third, Fourth," he wrote in the names.

"Nice and plain," commented his wife, "like our Quaker names for the days of the week. What will thee call the cross streets of thy checkerboard?"

"After the trees of the forest—Spruce and Chestnut and Walnut."

"And Filbert and Cedar," she added.

"We'll make them very wide—fifty feet—not like the narrow, twisting streets and lanes of London town. We won't let our settlers drop their houses down haphazard wherever they choose. We'll make a rule that buildings must line the streets in tidy rows."

" And every house ought to be in the middle of its plat, William. That will give space for a garden or orchard."

" Oh, we'll make it a fresh, green country town! "

In the good ship *Welcome* Penn sailed to the New World in 1682. Business soon took him back to England. Later he had a couple of years in Philadelphia and then a crisis in the colony's affairs sent him hurriedly to London. Of his long life he spent not quite four years in Pennsylvania. But for all time he stamped it with his vivid personality. Even to-day you can't walk through the streets of Philadelphia and not think constantly of him.

The place is full of memorials of Penn. High on the tower of the City Hall, a landmark for all the surrounding country, is his statue in the full-skirted coat and broad-brimmed hat. You can see his Bible and desk, the town house now moved out to Fairmount Park, and the wampum belts whose violet and white shells kept for the Indians the different sections of the Shackamaxon treaty. And by the Delaware River stands a new elm tree, grown from the shoots of the treaty elm that fell in a great storm a century and more ago.

Have I told you Penn's story as if he never had troubles or worries? His life was far from being a bed of roses. For years he had a vexatious dispute with Lord Baltimore about the boundary between their colonies. He had constant difficulties with his deputy governors. More than once he found himself very short of money, when rents came in slowly and the settlers refused to help him.

His last years were full of tragedy. His wayward son William almost broke his heart. His son-in-law was disagreeable. His knavish steward made false claims that threw him into the debtors' prison in London. Several times he was arrested for plotting in favor of the deposed king, James II, but was set free for lack of proof. For a while his colony in America was taken out of his hands.

When news of his death reached the Indians they sent a gift to Mrs. Penn as a mark of their love for the man who kept his word. It was a great roll of skins "to make you," ran their letter, "a warm coat suitable for traveling through a thorny wilderness without your guide."

It's not only in Philadelphia that William Penn is remembered and honored. More than one place in England has carefully kept a memorial of this gentle Quaker. The last time we were there we hunted them up and followed him from the church in Great Tower Street where he was baptized—it has a tablet given by some Americans—to the quiet, peaceful spot where he is buried near the tiny meeting-house at Jordans, his grave marked only by a low stone.

In the great hall at Christ Church College at Oxford we found his portrait, and in a window in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. In the New Old Bailey in London we stopped in front of a tablet telling of Penn's trial there.

We had an afternoon's motor trip some twenty miles into the country. His house in Sussex has been torn down, but in the village near by there's a little church where he often

preached. We saw the farmhouse where he was married—it's near Chalfont where John Milton lived during the plague.[1] You remember how his young Quaker friend Elwood suggested the sequel to *Paradise Lost?* Elwood was himself in love with the pretty Quakeress who was afterward Mrs. Penn, tutored her little brothers, and is buried at Jordans. Who knows? Perhaps the Penns knew the Miltons.

As we drove on we passed Stoke Pogis and stopped to walk through the churchyard where Gray wrote his elegy.

" The Gray monument," the old sexton told us, " was put up by one of William Penn's descendants. They live not far from here—at Stoke Park. Why don't you drive up there since you're from America? On the lawn is an elm tree—a slip from the very tree where Penn made the treaty with the Indians. That was a treaty," he added very impressively, " that wasn't sworn to, that wasn't broken. You see, William Penn was a man who kept his word."

[1] See the chapter on John Milton in the author's *Story of the Johns.*

SCOTS WHO HA' WITH WALLACE BLED!

William Wallace: 1270–1305

"HO there, boy! What's in your basket?"

He looked up to find three soldiers from the Ayr garrison blocking his path. English soldiers they were and because of that he disliked them. But he answered them pleasantly.

"Trout."

"Trout, eh? Where'd you get 'em? In the river yonder? Give them to me. What does a beggarly Scotch lad need of fish? Won't they taste good at supper?" one of the group turned to his companions.

" I'll give you half my trout," began the boy.

" Half—you'll give us all," they ordered insolently. " Hand them over at once," and the leader drew his sword.

Three to one. But this boy was tall and very strong. With the butt-end of his fishing rod he struck the nearest of the Englishmen under the ear. Down went the man with a cry. Quickly William leaned over and caught up his sword. He laid about him with such fury that the others took to their heels.

When the story was told at the garrison the English governor was angry. He ordered up a squad of soldiers.

" Go, find that bold lad and bring him here a prisoner. He shall be punished for this."

Friends warned young Wallace and he escaped to the hills. There no enemy could capture him. And after a time the matter was forgotten.

While he lay hidden in the woods he thought about the hated English who seemed to feel that all of Scotland belonged to them. They made the poor people pay heavy taxes, far heavier than their own kings asked for. They'd filled the land with castles and these castles with their soldiers. And how they treated the Scots! With contempt and ridicule and insult. By main force they took whatever they had a fancy for. Did the owners resist they met with abuse, beating, even wounds. And for such actions the English officers never punished their men.

Young Wallace's heart was hot with anger against these

masters of Scotland, so insolent, so cruel. His heart was sad when he realized the dark and troublous times in which he lived. His native land lay crushed under the heel of King Edward. Her king, if king he could be called, was a prisoner in England and his son with him. The people were in despair. They had no ruler, no leaders, no hope.

"The nobles and the lords," he said bitterly to himself, "should take the helm. But one after the other they've sworn allegiance to the English. Only a very few, scattered here and there, have refused to yield. But Scotland is not yet conquered! I know the mass of the people treasure in their hearts a dream of freedom.

"My father and brother, my uncle and I are not Edward's vassals. We have not yielded and we will not—never, never! They shall not treat us so. I'll spend my life to free Scotland!"

A few men joined him in the hills, men brave enough to defy the power of England. Young Wallace was their leader and they carried on a little private war with the soldiers—falling on a group of them whenever opportunity served and punishing them for some act of cruelty. The enemy came to fear him, but every attempt to take him prisoner failed.

The governor of Ayr offered bribes—money, a title, a high position—if he would do one little thing: swear allegiance to King Edward.

"Money can't buy my honor," Wallace made reply. "A tyrant's court has no post I'd exchange for this life of hardship

and danger. Your king can give no title so noble as mine—an honest man!"

Sometimes as bold as Robin Hood he went into a town. One Sunday when he was on his way to church in Lanark he met a beautiful young girl. He couldn't help gazing at her, she was so lovely. In church he thought about her more than about the service. In the mountains again he could not forget her.

"Who is she?" he asked person after person.

"Marion Bradfute," someone told him finally, "an orphan. They call her the heiress of Lamington."

"I care not about her wealth. She is not married?"

"Not yet. But the saying is the English governor at Lanark means to marry her to his son."

Again the hated English. Wallace loved her at first sight. But what could he offer a bride? His was a wild, lonely life in the hills and woods. How could a man dream of a wife and home when he'd promised to give his life to Scotland—to free her from her difficulties and drive the English from the land? He sought out the orphan girl and laid these questions before her.

"A brave man can be patriot and soldier and husband too. I love you the more for your resistance to our oppressors. I'm not afraid to be your wife."

So they were married and she lived in a cottage in Lanark and he visited her when he could.

One bright sunny day in the spring of 1297 Wallace was in

the town with some of his friends. After the Scottish custom they were all dressed in new suits of green. On the main street they met a group of Englishmen, the governor's son among them, who began to laugh and jeer.

"Look! See their fine new spring clothes!"

"Suits of green—perhaps they've just come from the French court?"

"See—one of them has a jeweled dagger at his belt."

"A beggarly Scot has no business to wear so gay a dress."

"Or to carry so handsome a weapon. Make him give it over to us."

Thus they tormented and sneered until a quarrel broke out. On both sides swords were drawn. The jeweled dagger in Wallace's belt flashed out. Thick and fast blows were given and returned. When the Englishmen were driven back one of them, the son of the governor, lay still in the market-place.

"Quick! Run, run! The soldiers are coming!"

The little band scattered and hurried down the street. Wallace ran toward his cottage. As he neared it a white hand held the door open. He slipped in, barred the door again, and breathlessly told Marion what had occurred.

"I can't stay here. The governor will search for me. Farewell!"

Out at the back door he ran and off to the Cartland Crags, a rugged, rocky glen covered with trees and bushes and full of precipices. On the west side of the chasm of Cartland Crags,

a few yards above the new bridge, they still point out the cave in the rocks where Wallace lay in hiding.

None too soon. Horsemen came clattering down the street, banged and battered at the cottage door, then impatiently broke it open and rushed into the house. Though they hunted high and low they found no fugitive in a green suit. They dragged Marion before the governor.

"Where's your husband, the traitor?"

She stood silent.

He asked again.

She would not speak.

Mad with rage the English governor drew his sword and pierced her to the heart. At his feet she fell dead. The soldiers set fire to the cottage. Wallace was proclaimed an outlaw and a traitor. A large sum of money was promised to the man who'd bring him in, dead or alive.

When in the darkness of the night a woman sought him in the cave at Cartland Crags and sobbed out this dreadful tale, Wallace covered his face with his hands and wept. Presently he rose to his feet, dashed the tears from his eyes and turned to his sorrowing friends.

"We must be men. We must be true Scots. Grief is of no use. Can it bring back my bonny bride? Hear me now"—and he drew his great, two-handed sword—"this blade I will not sheathe till her death is avenged."

Men flocked to Wallace and soon he had a little army eager to fight for Scotland. Into their despairing hearts he

"Stop, Wallace, Stop!" She Warned Him. "Go Not Near the Barns of Ayr"

breathed a hope of freedom. Many a successful raid they made, attacking a garrison here, burning the English quarters there, capturing castle after castle. And with each success his followers increased.

"We can never conquer this outlaw," the English captains decided. "Let's take him by a trick."

So they announced they were ready to make peace and invited the Scotch leaders to a council in Ayr. They were to meet in a big wooden barracks just outside the town—"the Barns of Ayr" it's called. Now their scheme was this: to admit the Scots, two at a time, have ropes with nooses ready, and before a word could be uttered hang them from the great beams overhead.

All seemed quiet and peaceful. The Scots rode to the barracks, leaped from their horses, went in two by two—but none came out again.

A young woman guessed there was some treachery afoot, watched her chance, and learned of the deadly work of the English within the barns of Ayr. Away she sped to warn Wallace, the man they were most anxious to seize and hang. She met him galloping down the highroad.

"Stop, stop!"

"I am late. I must ride on in haste to help make the peace for Scotland."

"Do not go," she warned him. "Go not near the barns of Ayr, for there this day the English have hanged your friends like dogs."

As he listened to her tale he turned white and reeled in his saddle. Without a word he wheeled his horse and went back to the woods. His heart burned with rage and pain.

That night the English feasted and rejoiced over their success.

"Bring some strong ropes and follow me," Wallace ordered his little band of followers. "We too can make use of ropes."

Silently they entered Ayr, made fast the doors of the barracks, and knotted the heavy ropes again and again. Then they brought heaps of straw and branches of trees and set them against the building. In a moment the place was filled with the roar of the flames, with the cries of the English.

Day by day Wallace's force grew stronger. Some of the nobles and barons joined him. Resistance to the English was organized. Castles and forts were captured. Glasgow, Perth and Scone, Aberdeen opened their gates to this bold outlaw. One last fortress in the north the Scots were besieging when word came that the English army was approaching.

Wallace hurried south to meet the foe. He had sixteen thousand men—a large number for Scotland—but it was one to three. It would take all his skill as a general to balance being thus outnumbered.

On the north side of the river Forth, which is swift and deep, near the gray towers of Stirling Castle, he placed his troops on the Abbey Craig—high wooded ground where to-day stands the Wallace monument with the great, two-handed sword of the

hero. From across the river no one could tell whether his men were few or many.

On the south of the Forth the English pitched their camp. There was one bridge, about a mile from the new one; and it was a narrow bridge, so narrow that only two persons could cross abreast.

Two friars went to the Scots with a last offer of peace.

"Lay down your arms, Sir William Wallace, and the king will pardon you and all your followers."

"Go back," the outlaw proudly drew himself up and answered, "go back to your master and tell him we value not a pardon from the king of England. We are not here to treat for peace, but to give you battle. We are determined to avenge our wrongs and make Scotland free. Come! We're ready to meet the English beard to beard!"

"On—on to the attack!" cried the soldiers of Edward when the friars reported what Wallace had said.

Two by two, two by two, the English knights began to cross the bridge. Two by two, how long would it take for hundreds, thousands to get over the Forth? Where were the Scots all this time? Two by two, two by two. Wallace's men obeyed orders and moved not hand or foot.

When about half the English had crossed and the passage was very crowded, a little group of the Scots stole round the steep hill and seized the end of the bridge. Then down thundered Wallace and his army and fell upon the enemy who were not ready in order of battle. Before their long spears and

broadswords knight after knight went down. Some fell into the swift river and were drowned.

The English still on the south bank saw this disaster and fled in headlong rout and confusion. They were so panic-stricken lest Wallace pursue them that they set fire to the wooden bridge—the last touch of terror for that day!

Half the king's army lay dead upon the field. Of all who crossed the narrow bridge only two were left alive. The pitiful remnant of that force fled southward and never stopped till they were safe in English territory.

Edward's power in the north was broken. Scotland was free! The country rang with shouts of joy.

To punish the English yet more, Wallace led his men across the border and for three months laid waste the northern counties of England. Fighting, plundering, they returned laden with rich spoils and covered with glory.

And what was King Edward I doing all this time, that one bold outlaw could defeat his general and harry his towns? Making war in the Low Countries, for Scotland he thought he'd conquered as thoroughly as Wales. Ah, he was an angry king when he learned what had taken place that September day at the bridge of Stirling.

"Impossible!" he stormed. "A revolt in Scotland? My general defeated, my treasurer killed, my knights chased out of the country? England invaded by this fellow Wallace? I'll leave the war here in Flanders and go myself to Scotland.

Never will I quit that land till I am absolute master. I'll conquer it or leave it a desert."

So he patched up a peace on the Continent, returned to London in a mighty rage, and summoned another army. Eighty thousand they numbered, horsemen and footmen, great lords and barons in shining armor, all the proudest and best warriors of England, the finest cavalry in the world.

"I am not so easily beaten," boasted Edward. "I'm not to be discouraged by losing one battle."

The Scots made ready to defend their country. They chose Wallace as "guardian of the kingdom" at the end of that year of 1297, for as they said the land had no king. And where could they have found a better person for the task? A splendid soldier, a brave man, a skilful general, a lover of Scotland to the uttermost.

There was one weakness—the people were not united. Some of the nobles were jealous that this new title went to Wallace, who wasn't a man of high rank nor the owner of large estates. Some were too proud to follow a leader who was only the son of an obscure knight. Some disliked him because the common people loved him. Some were afraid to serve under him lest they lose their estates in England.

"We're outnumbered," explained Wallace to his captains, "and must avoid meeting the English in open battle. This is my plan—to starve them out and weary them out; to drive all the sheep and cattle from the country where they'll march

through. to burn the crops in the fields rather than lose them to our foe. Perhaps we can force them to return."

The English could not carry with them provisions for such a great army. The countryside provided nothing. Orders were given at last to turn southward and give over seeking for the invisible Scots when their hiding-place was discovered—in the forest near Falkirk.

With his back to the wall the Guardian of the Kingdom did all an expert general could. Wisely he placed his handful of men on the hill between town and river. But you can guess the result.

The king's cavalry charged at the gallop, yet the Scottish foot-soldiers with their long lances stood their ground. The English archers advanced and poured out dreadful volleys of arrows. The knights charged again and broke through the ranks. At the crisis of the struggle the thousand Scottish nobles—all the cavalry Wallace could boast—turned and fled from the field. Was it treachery? was it jealousy?

Where they stood the Scots fell. So gallant, so brave were they that even the English praised them. But mere bravery could not succeed against such overwhelming numbers. At last Wallace ordered what soldiers he had left to retreat to the forest.

As he was riding away from Falkirk someone called him by name. He looked up and saw one of the Scottish nobles who had been fighting on the king's side.

" I'm filled with admiration at your courage and your skill,"

this man exclaimed. "But—Wallace, what's the use of it? Never can you hope to conquer so great a king as Edward. Why don't you yield to him as the rest of us have done?"

Fiercely Wallace turned upon him and broke out with a bitter speech.

"I have no desire to be the leader. It's because of your sloth and your idleness that this poor people have no leader, so they follow me. I fight for the freedom of my country. Surely, surely it would be won by now if only you and nobles like you had done their part. But you—you choose slavery and safety instead of liberty with danger. Well, follow this fortune you think so highly of. For me I'll die free in my own land. My love for it shall remain as long as my life lasts."

And he rode on. The Scot gazed after him and burst into tears. Never again, he resolved that day, would he fight for Edward.

Falkirk was a fatal defeat for Scotland. Wallace resigned his guardianship and hid in the hills for safety. His fragment of an army disbanded. Once more England was master of the country.

"I will forgive," read the king's proclamation, "all who have fought against me if they will now acknowledge my authority—all save one man, the outlaw, William Wallace. To him I will show no mercy."

Sad at heart and disappointed, but never quite despairing, this fearless Scot went back to his haunts in woods and mountains and again lived the old, wild life. Sometimes alone,

sometimes with a little band of loyal followers he stood out against the English for seven years. Always he was making plans to deliver Scotland and patiently waiting for the opportunity to carry them out.

One victory, Edward found, could not conquer a people resolved on freedom. Once, twice, three times, four, five times he sent an army into Scotland to ravage the countryside, to recapture castles and forts, to force the nobles to submit to his rule, swear allegiance to him, and lay down their arms.

One man alone held out against him. But that one man worried King Edward. He could not feel secure in this northern land while William Wallace lived. A price was set upon his head, a sum that was added to more than once till it reached a hundred pounds. Special favors were promised to any Scot who would deliver him to the English officers.

"From every castle in Scotland floats the English flag," boasted Edward. "Every fort is manned by my troops. Every great lord owns me as his sovereign. But"—he would always add—"but the common people, broken and crushed as they are, will not yield—they will not yield while Wallace is still free. He can't be taken by fair means, for he is brave and skilful? Can we capture him by treachery then?"

At last the offer of a hundred pounds in English gold proved too great a temptation to one of the outlaw's friends. Sir John Menteith laid his plans and waited.

With only two of his band Wallace was spending a night in the woods three or four miles from Glasgow. One of these

two was Sir John's nephew who offered to keep watch while the others rested. When he was sure that his chief was fast asleep, he crept to his side and took sword and dagger; then as quietly he slipped away.

In the village not far off Menteith and his men sat late at supper. His nephew came in, without a word walked up to the table, picked up a loaf of bread and turned it upside down. The signal!

And to this day, in any part of Scotland, it's considered very rude to turn the loaf of bread upside down at the supper table if anyone named Menteith is present. That simple act seems to say, " One of your family betrayed our hero to his death! "

Wallace was sleeping soundly when suddenly he heard the tramp of armed men. He started up, rubbed his eyes, felt for his sword. Gone! His dagger then. Gone too! He picked up a stool and struck down two soldiers before the rest closed in upon him.

Menteith chained his hands together. Through lonely lanes and byways he took his prisoner southward. He dared not enter a town or village, for the common people would rise to a man and rescue their leader. South, always south they went and crossed the border, where Wallace had crossed once before to ravage and lay waste the northern counties of the English king. Now he turned in silence for a last, long look at the hills of Scotland.

After many days Menteith and his party reached London town. So great was the fame of this outlaw, such crowds gath-

ered to gaze upon him that they could scarcely get through the streets.

At last the king was content. He held in his power the one man who had made his conquest of Scotland incomplete. He would make this fellow an example and a warning to all who dared oppose the royal plans.

In Westminster Hall the trial took place. The prisoner was brought in, surrounded by men-at-arms, crowned with a wreath of laurel—as once long before, in a land far away, another prisoner was crowned and mocked by soldiers.

"Behold, the king of outlaws!" they jeered. "King in the woods of Scotland!"

The clerk began to read, accusing William Wallace of being a traitor to the English crown.

"I am no traitor," he answered proudly. "I could not be a traitor to King Edward, for never have I sworn allegiance to him."

He was accused of taking and burning towns and castles, of killing many Englishmen.

"In defense of my own life," he firmly stated, "or for my country, because the English had come to oppress us; and far from repenting what I have done, I'm only sorry that I have done no more."

A sound and sturdy defense, wasn't it? For during all the centuries men have thought it right to fight in defense of their native land—and indeed a duty so to do.

"Guilty," pronounced the English judges, "guilty on more

than one count." And more than one punishment they meted out to him.

Following the old Norman laws which were most severe even for those fierce times, the men-at-arms dragged this Scot on a sledge to Smithfield and hung him as a robber. Then they beheaded him as an outlaw. They quartered his body because he was a traitor. To add one more dishonor they put his head on a pike on London bridge, and displayed his limbs on the gates of four Scottish towns.

If any of the common people had a vague, lingering dream of continuing the struggle, that sight would stamp it out, reasoned the king. But he was wrong. It but increased their anger and deepened their courage. In their hearts the death of Wallace lighted a new flame of resistance that nothing could put out. He had accomplished his task. He had made the spirit of Scotland live again. Why, the very name of Wallace in a song was enough to rouse them.

An outlaw's cruel death—a fine triumph for King Edward! But it brought him no lasting benefit. Before his long reign ended he saw his vassals in the northern kingdom rally to their country's call, saw his army defeated, saw Scotland free under her own king—the very noble who'd talked with Wallace after Falkirk. His name? Robert Bruce.

No traitor, but patriot and hero was this William Wallace. His only crime was that he loved Scotland. If his countrymen have no grave to make into a shrine for their idol, it matters little. He reigns in every true Scot's heart.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

William Booth: 1829–1912

"LOOK at that boy," exclaimed the lady, "the one that's captain of the line of soldiers!"

The couple stopped and watched a group of lads at play.

"Look at him," she said again and her eyes filled with tears.

The next day the boys were playing hockey when they saw the two stop and gaze at their leader. Every afternoon the same thing happened. He would look up at them with a smile and wonder why they noticed him especially.

"How are you getting on at school?" the man asked one day.

"Pretty well, sir. But—I don't like it much."

"H'm. Where do you go? To Biddulph's? Why, that's the best boys' school in Nottingham."

"Yes, sir, my father means me to be a gentleman. And my sister's learning to be a young lady too."

"Who is your father?"

"Samuel Booth—he builds houses."

"What is your name? You look—you look," the lady explained, "so much like our son who died. Won't you come to visit us?"

A strange friendship began between Willie Booth and this childless couple. They talked of adopting him and often invited him to their home. He used to go with them to the Methodist chapel though his own parents went to the church of England when they went to church at all.

Then came a crash in the boy's life. His father's business was ruined. He could not meet a large mortgage that was suddenly called in. Willie must leave the Biddulph school and go to work.

"It's only a small shop where I'm apprenticing you," his father said, "but it's in the poorest part of Nottingham. Pawnbroking's a business that pays well. Men make fortunes at it—easily, quickly too. You must get back all the hundreds of pounds I've lost. Remember, there's nothing finer than to make money!"

Into this new life young Booth threw himself with zest. No more school for him. He liked the idea of making money.

And indeed there was need of every shilling he could earn, for in a few months his father died, his mother had to give up her home and open a little shop where she sold tape, thread, needles, toys—a shop with few customers and very small profits.

He was restless and unhappy. Unhappy at home where he saw his mother and sisters struggling along, always under a dark cloud of suffering and bitterness. Unhappy at his master's shop where he met with nothing but the poverty and misery of the lowest and the poorest. Unhappy in his few leisure hours because he was hungry and thirsty for something that was never given him.

"Better to live right than to live wrong," was the only way he could describe this vague feeling. At the Methodist chapel where he went now and then with some boy friends he heard people say that religion would take away unhappiness. But nobody ever talked to him about it.

How did a boy in his teens get religion? How could he right himself with God? How could he reach out and find salvation?

One night at a meeting in the basement of the chapel the answer suddenly flashed into his mind: before he could find peace he must give up his sins and make restitution. The silver pencil-case! It burned like fire in his pocket. It was like a barred gate shutting him out from heaven. What should he do? what could he do? Confess and return the pencil-case, whispered his conscience.

What a hard thing for a boy to do! He'd like to, but—the price was too high.

What was the story of the silver pencil-case? Several boys were in a trading affair and while Will Booth made them think what he did was all because of friendship, the truth was he'd made a profit out of them. To show how grateful they were, they clubbed together and gave him a silver pencil-case. Now he must return it and, what was far worse, tell them how he'd deceived them all.

Could he go through with it? How could he live if he didn't? For days the struggle went on. It was more than a struggle, it was a hard-fought battle.

About ten o'clock one night he suddenly jumped to his feet, rushed out, found the boy who was chiefly wronged, and poured out the whole story. In that instant he felt the burden gone from his heart and in its place a great peace.

Late though it was, on his way home he went into the cottages of some poor people, told them how he'd been saved, and urged them to seek salvation, to live right instead of wrong and so find happiness in place of wretchedness.

Not a dramatic conversion like that of Saul of Tarsus or St. Francis. But in all the years of Christianity few men have brought in a richer harvest.

"Well," Booth replied when many years later someone asked him the secret of his success, "well, I made up my mind that God Almighty should have all there was of William Booth."

With all his heart and all his might he went in for God. After eight o'clock in the evening when his work at the pawnbroker's shop was finished, he and his friends from the Methodist chapel held meetings in the slum district of that manufacturing town. They'd take a chair out into the street, one of them would climb up and give out a hymn, and they'd all sing. Then Booth would talk and invite the crowd that always gathered to a meeting in some cottage near by. Till midnight he was busy singing, speaking, visiting the sick.

No one at the Methodist chapel gave him a word of encouragement. Those good Christians in broadcloth and bombazine were astonished when one Sunday morning, with scuffling of broken boots and rustle of shabby clothes, he brought into their church a group of ragged roughs and toughs.

"If you must lead these outcasts into chapel," the elders gave command to this young enthusiast, "you must enter by the back door and seat them in benches reserved for the poor and shabby."

"But this church and all the other churches too," Booth argued to himself, "preach mainly to the converted. Outside chapel, far and wide under the smoke of this roaring, God-scorning city, are men and women and children living in sin. No one preaches to them. That's my work—to help the poorest of the poor."

And he kept on with his meetings, shouting out his message of salvation above the din of the streets, compelling men to listen. He kept straight on in spite of interruptions, in spite

of stones and mud thrown at him, in spite of hooting mobs that tried to break up his audiences. The best training he could have had for the work he was to do later on.

Even the Methodists realized that young Booth could speak well and hold his listeners. Someone offered to meet his expenses while he studied for the regular ministry. He worked at Greek and Latin and doctrines for a few months. Then came his trial sermon. He saw the professor slip in and take a seat at the back of the church. If he did well his future was assured.

"I can't preach the professor's way," he said to himself, "doctrines and Greek and Latin. I can only talk straight ahead in the plain, simple style I use in my street meetings. I must give homely illustrations anyone can understand. Even to please my teacher I can't change."

He had just one thing to tell his audience: they could have salvation then and there if they'd seek it. He described a shipwreck, the frightened people clinging to the masts between life and death, waving a flag of distress, and the lifeboat putting out to their rescue.

"You," he cried as he drove his illustration home, "have been shipwrecked through sin. You're sinking. Hoist your flag of distress and Jesus Christ will send the lifeboat to save you."

He pulled out his handkerchief, jumped up on his chair and waved the square of linen, then urged them again.

"Fly your signal of distress. If you want to be saved come down here to the front seats!"

Twenty-four people went down and one of them was the proud daughter of the professor.

"I've only one word for you, Booth," he said the next morning when he criticized his students' sermons. "Go on in the way you've begun and God bless you!"

From the pawnbroker's counter to a Methodist pulpit William Booth preached his way up. Now, a regular minister, he began his tours over England. From one town to another he went staying a week, a fortnight, a month. Here he built up a church whose congregation had dwindled to almost nothing. There he wakened a sleepy group. In another place he talked to factory workers. Two, three, four meetings a day he held and always had a big crowd. Men sat on the pulpit steps and stood at the doors. Often hundreds were turned away for lack of room.

"A new Wesley [1] has come into our midst," said the Methodists.

"We don't wholly approve," argued some of the leading men. "This Booth goes into the highways and hedges and compels men to listen to his preaching. If they want religion let 'em come to the church and ask for it. If they stay away it means they deliberately choose evil. No, we don't like his exciting, whirlwind manner."

In the 1840's and '50's none of the churches had special ser-

[1] See the chapter on John Wesley in the author's *Story of the Johns.*

vices and revivals. There was no missionary spirit. England had no public schools, no factory laws, no housing reforms. No one was interested in the poor and the outcast.

There ought to be, Booth thought, two kinds of Methodist ministers: the regular preacher who served his own parish, and the revivalist who campaigned here and there wherever opportunity offered. But the Conference could not agree with this. They hedged him about with one restriction after another. They talked about this doctrine and that.

"What I want is to see a changed life," he would answer. "Never mind doctrines and creeds. I cannot rest till I answer the heart-breaking cries for help I hear on every side. I must save not a few, but thousands."

For some years Booth struggled to work loyally with a regular church. With a very small salary he went from town to town, dragging his invalid wife and his children with him, preaching over and over this one thing: salvation. He shouted and dinned and drummed it into men's ears.

The more he succeeded the more bitter became his enemies. Some were jealous. Some said he was too young to be so prominent. Some were shocked at his unusual methods. Some were offended when his converts shouted and danced and cried out.

The Conference voted that Booth must take a regular parish and stop all campaigning. He settled down in a factory town and carried on a continuous revival—but in one place. He had street meetings that became the more enthusiastic when

the saloon-keepers sent out gangs of men to sing them down. The chapel was so crowded people sat in the aisles. The iron-workers called it " the converting shop."

But William Booth was not happy. He said with Wesley, " The world is my parish." He could never do his best work when he felt shut in and confined. He wanted to be free to go campaigning.

The next Conference tied his hands as before. They voted against revivals. They proposed to appoint him for one year, but he must agree to work in that one parish and follow all their rules.

" Do you accept this appointment? "

" Never! " called out a determined voice from the gallery.

At this reply from his wife Booth sprang to his feet, bowed to the chairman, and started to the door.

" Order! Order! " men shouted as he passed down the chapel aisle.

At the foot of the gallery stairs he met his wife, embraced her, and together they went out into the street. Their connection with the Methodists was ended.

" Are you mad? " asked his friends. " Giving up your position when you have a wife and all these children to support? Leaving your parish where everyone wished you well? And to do what? "

" I don't know. It's a leap in the dark. But there's one thing I can do, one thing I will do—trust in God."

Invitations to this place and that came to Booth and for four

"See Those Boys!" Cried William Booth to the Prize-Fighter.
"There's My Work, Looking for Me"

years he kept on with his revivals, not in the Methodist chapels which were closed to him, but in whatever buildings he could find. The family lived in lodgings and moved on as often as gypsies. How did they get along? Well, they took up collections and now and again found some friends who supplied the needed funds.

1865 saw them settled in a London suburb. They had no property, no income. But they were sure of finding plenty of people who needed their help in the sordid slums of the East End.

" I'm looking for work," Booth said sadly to a prize-fighter he met on the street.

The man reached for some pennies in his pocket when Booth pointed to the boys outside a saloon just opposite.

" Look at them, look at them! Forgotten by God and man. Why should I be looking for work? There's my work over there, looking for me."

" You're right, sir," answered the prize-fighter, " and if you can do anything for them 'twould be a great work."

" I'm preaching to-night in the Mile End Road. You know where the Quaker burying-ground is? They've put up a tent there, but the minister's ill and they've asked me. Come and hear me preach and bring some of the boys along with you."

As he spoke that night in the street and then in the tent, with the prize-fighter helping him to keep order, he studied the faces of the men and women before him. They seemed to have no hope.

"That's because they have no God," he said slowly to himself. "Where in all the world can you find such heathen as these?"

When he reached home he cried to his wife, "Oh Kate, I've found my work! Those poor people shall be our people—yours and mine and our children's—and they shall have our God for their God."

Mrs. Booth sat gazing into the fire. This would mean another start in life. Her husband was not a young man—thirty-six—and often suffered from indigestion and neuralgia. She was an invalid. The children were growing up. How would they meet their weekly bills? The East Enders were poverty-stricken. They couldn't take up collections; and if they got to the place where they could, there'd be ha'-pennies instead of half-crowns, farthings in place of sovereigns.

"Well," she looked up bravely after a long pause, "if you feel you ought to stay, stay. We've trusted the Lord once for our support and we can trust Him again."

That night there in front of the fire the Salvation Army was born. No, they didn't guess it, those two workers. They didn't call it that. They didn't plan any definite organization. But they saw a definite piece of work to be done. For a long time they hoped and hoped to do it under the banner of the church.

Among the poorest of the poor, in the worst sections of East London they held their meetings—in the tent till after three weeks it was blown down in a storm, then out of doors, in an

old dance-hall, a carpenter shop, a market, a bowling alley, a theater, an ex-saloon—wherever they could get a crowd together.

There was never any difficulty about the crowd—sailors and dock-laborers, cabmen and butchers, fishmongers and vegetable dealers, drunkards, drunkards, drunkards. Not all of them came to get saved. They came for the singing, the excitement of the preaching, the shouts of "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" that in the old Methodist fashion interrupted prayer and sermon.

They came too for the fun and adventure of breaking up the meeting. They threw cabbage stalks at William Booth. They threw stones and eggs and sticks. They hooted and yelled and jeered. They mocked and insulted him. They poured water down from windows overhead. Once they set fire to his building.

All this he endured with a never-failing patience. He would wipe from his face the dirt thrown at him and with a gracious smile invite his persecutors to follow him.

"You liar! You liar!" a man suddenly shouted out at a street meeting and shook his fist at the preacher.

"Friend," said Booth, "it was for you He died. Stop and be saved."

The East Enders were not the only ones who opposed his plans. The police were against him and would interrupt his meetings on the plea that the crowd stopped traffic in the streets. The press was against him and printed any silly story

about his work and its results. Most of all he was hurt by the church members who refused to help him, who turned their backs on converts he sent to them or by utter indifference failed to keep them.

If his people were to be saved and to stay saved, they must have an anchorage somewhere. And when after six years' work Booth had a hall of his own in Whitechapel Road, he put up a sign over the door:

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION

For six years it bore no other name.

How did the Booths live? From collections taken up at their meetings, the gifts of the very poor. From the small income that came in from the sale of song books and pamphlets. From a little group of well-wishing friends who now and again sent checks to help along their work.

Mrs. Booth took in a lodger, sometimes two of them. She and the grandmother made the children's clothes. And plain, simple, strong clothes they were partly for the sake of economy, partly for the example they must set to others. How often they saw East Londoners wasting precious money on stupid finery! But no father could have been prouder of his sons and daughters and it hurt him not to dress them beautifully.

" When I get you all to heaven," he'd say to them, " I'll deck you out. It'll be safe there."

Their meals were of the simplest. Mrs. Booth always sat

at the head of the table and carved and poured out the tea. Every single day they had rice pudding, with currants added on special occasions.

" No child need leave the table hungry," the mother would insist when the meat ran short, " so long as this fine pudding ends our feast! "

More than once during those dozen years in Whitechapel men who saw the splendid work the Booths were doing would suggest, " You ought to organize your people. Why don't you start a new church, a new sect, a new something? "

" No, no. Organization would cripple what we're trying to do. These poor wretches don't want anything formal and organized. Why, the very word *baptism* or *sacrament,* even *committee* would drive some of 'em away. Let us alone. We must keep on with this battle against sin and suffering. It's a war that has no end."

" What is this Christian Mission of yours? " someone asked.

" A volunteer army."

The words gave Booth a sudden inspiration. Why not call it an army—an army fighting for the salvation of the poor, the wretched, the outcasts of society? A Salvation Army! So at the end of 1878 the name came into being.

As the work grew and grew and spread to other cities he planned out a military scheme for all his people, with sergeants and captains and majors and colonels, and himself at the head as general. That was only using the title he'd had for a long time, " General Superintendent of the Christian Mission; " too

long to say easily, so his assistants called him The General. They wrote it with capitals and said it with capitals too.

After a time Booth put his soldiers into a uniform—red jerseys and blue coats, plain blue dresses and poke bonnets, a costume now familiar in fifty countries.

"Your uniforms are so ugly! Why don't you choose prettier colors?"

"Ugly?" he would answer. "See what warm, honest hearts they cover."

The forming of the Salvation Army brought down on the Booths a flood of censure and criticism. Men who saw the need for such work did not like his methods. They objected to the noise, the drums and fifes that drew the crowd, the prayers uttered like volley-firing, the hymns roared out to the music of a brass band—what they called cheap, vulgar, sensational methods—loud piety—emotional preaching.

But the Booths knew their public, knew that men and women could not all be reached in one way, that they must be approached on their own level.

"Here's a fellow who has only one shilling in the world," The General would illustrate. "That shilling he bets on a horse—and loses. Somehow he gets another shilling, bets again and loses. The excitement's worth more to him than the money. People must have excitement. The thing to do is to give them some decent excitement—and remember, there's a deal to compete with in the streets of East London."

So he used brass bands and flags, hymns about salvation sung

to the most popular tunes of the day, catchy phrases on posters and handbills —

Lost Jewels—Reward Offered
Help the MASTER Recover HIS Lost Property
A Grand Banquet in the Palace of God
War! War! War!
2,000 Recruits Needed for the Hallelujah Army!

when fighting broke out in the east of Europe. Booth was a pioneer in advertising, in combining religion and business, in getting publicity.

Where did he find his army of soldiers? From the men and women he preached to and saved. The very worst of them he used as living advertisements. Long before there was any Salvation Army he'd learned that some people could be converted but couldn't stay converted; the change in their hearts didn't show in their changed lives. If they were to be saved and to stay saved, he must give them something to do, set them to work to save others.

There's the real secret of his amazing success: he could pick up a creature out of the gutter, out of the mire of life, a real down-and-outer, and make a man of him; then to keep him in the right road put him to work helping his fellows. He promised his soldiers nothing save the joy of serving. He paid them a week at a time, what small sums he could, out of scanty collections and funds sent to him by interested friends.

Very late one night, when he'd been working over twenty

years in London, Booth was returning from a campaign in the south of England and crossed a bridge over the Thames. On the stone benches he saw huddled forms—men and women sleeping! He was thunderstruck. Was there no place in that great city where they could get shelter?

For the rest of that night he could not sleep. In the morning he called in his eldest son.

"Do you know, Bramwell, what I saw last night?" and he described those huddled figures on the bridge. "What do they do when it storms, when it's bitterly cold? Do something! Do something!" he commanded in the tone of a real general. "Put a roof over their heads. Put walls around their bodies. Do something!"

That was the beginning of a new work for the Salvation Army —the shelters and lodging houses, now duplicated many times in London and in every large city in the world; food depots that supplied hot soup and bread along with a chance to wash up. "Soup, Soap and Salvation," the papers jeered.

From this grew the marvelous organized social work of the Army. To-day it has employment bureaus, lodging houses for men and women, workshops, clubs for lonely people, restaurants that give a three-course dinner for sixpence, the poor man's bank, old clothes depots, children's farthing breakfasts, visiting nursing, a legal advice service—in England and in many other lands—over a thousand institutions in all. Work and methods copied now by many organizations, but new when Booth launched them in 1888 and '90.

In London and in every great city he found men and women drifting, with no means of support, often no hope. They were outcasts, the poorest and most miserable, with no arms to keep up the fight, with no strength left for the battle of life. He was amazed that nothing was done to alter the conditions that caused their suffering and poverty. Underneath wasn't there material worth making over if they had a decent chance?

As he sat week after week, month after month at the bedside of his wife who was dying with cancer, he wrote a book telling of living conditions in the slums and what could be done to better them. His whole idea was not to give money over and over again—indeed he once returned a check for five hundred pounds to be used for free breakfasts, saying that was not a wise plan to follow indefinitely—but to rebuild men and women whose lives seemed shattered beyond repair.

How meet unemployment? By training men and getting them jobs. Send them out of London to a farm colony in Essex, to Canada or South Africa where there was room and to spare.

In Darkest England and the Way Out was immediately the book of the hour—a best seller we'd say to-day, for a quarter of a million copies were sold. Everywhere people discussed it: was it a true picture? wasn't it greatly exaggerated? was the remedy practical? Would it be a wise investment to give Booth the money he asked for to make a beginning?

In four months England raised a hundred thousand pounds, the very sum that all the British Empire gave for the Gordon

College at Khartoum, in response to another victorious general. And for some years in addition to the religious work of the Army Booth managed workshops and training classes, farm colonies and overseas settlements in his scheme for social betterment.

Little by little public opinion toward The General altered. Through evil report and good report he slowly came into his own. The police were now his warm supporters, for they'd learned that crime lessened when the Salvation Army began work in a new district. The papers stopped sneering and scoffing. They no longer described Booth and his wife as " a bawling, fanatical, send-round-the-hatical, pick-up-the-pence old pair," but mentioned him with profound respect.

Nottingham where he'd worked in the pawnbroker's shop gave him the freedom of the town. In London the lord mayor invited him to lunch and presented him with a check for a hundred pounds and the keys of the city in a gold casket. He had an invitation to Edward VII's coronation in Westminster Abbey at the king's special request. He visited Roosevelt at the White House, the emperor of Japan, the king of Denmark. Queens and princes received him with honor and praised his work. For the last years of his life he lived in the world's sunshine.

And how the common people loved him! On his motor tours through England, on his many speaking trips over the Continent, his four journeys to America, in India and South Africa they welcomed him by thousands at the railroad stations, no

matter whether the hour was day or night. They crowded to hear him preach and hung on his words for an hour and a half, for two hours. Generously they gave to help the Army's work, gave for its social service when they disapproved of its religious methods. They loved him as their friend, their saviour, their helper.

Most men are glad to stop at sixty or at three score and ten. William Booth fought on to the very last—traveling, preaching, advising about new work for the Army, meeting his staff officers, giving interviews, receiving honors, listening to reports from scattered battlefields, visiting institutions, helping a soldier in distress, cheering his sons and daughters on the firing-line in Europe and India and America.

In 1911 your grandfather and I were in London and happened to see an announcement that The General was to speak. We went early to get seats, watched the different groups come marching in with their bands and flags, and saw the excitement, heard the cheering when the leader arrived.

He was then eighty-two—an old man, nearly blind, worn and weary after a lifetime of battle and constant warfare. I'll never forget the picture he made—a tall, lean figure in the plain braided coat, his long white hair and beard, the beauty of his kindly smile, the enthusiasm of the talk that touched our hearts.

The next year in the window of the Salvation Army headquarters here at home we read the simple announcement,

General Booth has laid down his sword.

The papers told of his funeral when traffic stopped for hours in the busiest streets of London to let his coffin pass through, followed by a mile of his soldiers in their red and blue uniforms, while millions looked on. The next Sunday a memorial service was held in every Army station in the world—in over fifty countries, in strange tongues.

If we felt we'd lost a friend, what must have been the grief of hundreds, of thousands who knew and loved him, who owed everything to William Booth and the Army?

So great was the need for this work, so well he organized it that it didn't come to a sudden end with The General's death. It has gone on and on building on the foundations he laid.

"The religion of the Salvation Army," Booth used to say, "is very simple. Anyone can understand it. It tells a man just this: You must worship God, give yourself to His service, and do what you can for those around you. You must be good and true and honest and kind, and do all you can for the benefit of your family and friends."

Is that a difficult creed to follow? Isn't it one we can all try to live up to—to be good and true and honest and kind? Through it William Booth made thousands into better men and women.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

THE CROSSBOWMAN OF URI

William Tell: 1307

"TELL it again, mother," begged little Walter. "That's my favorite story."

"Yes, do, do," Henry added. "I can almost see that shooting match and feel how your heart sank when one of the men hit the bull's-eye. And then the last man of all brought down a bird on the wing and you pinned the medal on his coat, and ——"

"It was a silver medal, wasn't it, mother, with a bright ribbon tied to it?" put in Walter.

She nodded gaily and began to roll up her knitting.

"And within a year the man who won the prize ——"

"That's our father, the famous William Tell," interrupted the younger boy proudly.

"—married 'the rose of Uri'—that was you, mother."

"Well, between you, you two lads can tell the whole story without my help. Come now, we'll go outside and watch the sunset."

Below them spread the valley where the silver brook made a line of white against the green. A waving mist was creeping down the mountain side like a veil. The highest peaks were still shining in the sun, but the purple haze told plainly that night was almost come. Every day Hedwig watched this marvel with her children and every day she thought, "Surely it is more beautiful than ever before."

"I'll tell you a story," Henry said after a long silence. "It's about a certain man—you must guess who—standing at the ferry when a peasant came up and begged to be carried over the lake, 'cause the Austrian soldiers were after him. The wind was so high and the waves were so dangerous the ferryman would not—why, he said he'd not venture out in such a storm to save his own brother.

"'There come the Austrians—save me!'

"The ferryman shook his head, but the man standing there cried out, 'Let them come! They shall not catch you, Baumgarten. With God's help I'll try to save you!' And he rushed to the boat, pushed off with the breathless peasant, and disappeared around a rocky point just as the first horseman

rode furiously up. Now, Walter, guess who this brave man was—the answer's just the same as in our other story."

At the name Baumgarten the mother's face grew serious. The fugitive was safe now, her husband had told her, where no Austrian could find him. Troublous times in Uri and she sighed.

Down the valley a horn sounded and off the boys started along the steep path. In the sunset glow she saw three figures at the turn, little Walter holding his father's hand and Henry proudly carrying the great crossbow—the very bow that had won Tell the prize and a bride as well.

The family were still at supper when a knock sounded at the door and Hedwig's father, Walter Fürst, came in. She brought him a bowl of hot soup while the boys ran to welcome him.

"It's good to see you so soon again, father," she said.

"And to see all of you. But it's you, Tell, I want to talk with."

The children were sent early to bed. Long the two men spoke together. Hedwig listened as she knitted and now and then asked a question. Well she knew how troubled her husband and her father were over the canton of Uri and the injustice and cruelty of the Austrian governor.

"A few years ago," Fürst was saying, "the land was at peace and no one raised a question of rights and liberties. Count Rudolph was the protector of the forest cantons and he was Swiss by birth. Why, I can remember him myself, sitting

by the campfire, his tall figure bent over as he mended his old gray campaign coat. He was so kindly, so good-natured, and he didn't change a bit when he was chosen emperor. He respected all our ancient rights and privileges.

"But at his death evil days fell upon the land and bitter sorrow. His son Albert is proud and haughty, a tyrant of tyrants. He wants to get complete control of the forest cantons. First he robs us of some of our liberties, and when we resent the orders he builds castles in the land and fills them with his officers and his men. We groan under the oppression of his governors. They are greedy and cruel and overbearing. They call it a tax when they take a poor man's crop and his cattle. They fine and imprison at their own sweet will."

"Aye," Tell agreed, "they would make us slaves instead of free men, and bind us with chains. They are not men, they're monsters." And he thought of poor Baumgarten.

"They observe none of our ancient rights. Why, there's an old law says the governors must be natives of the cantons except in some emergency. And if an outsider holds this office he must still abide by the customs of the land."

"How can we save Uri from such tyranny?"

"Uri is not the only canton. Everywhere the discontent of the people is growing. We must take counsel together."

And Fürst went on to tell of a secret meeting he had gone to at the Rütli, a quiet, secluded meadow on the north side of the lake. Three men, one from Uri, one from Schwyz, one from Unterwalden, talked over their common trouble and took

a solemn oath to band themselves together and break the chains of the tyrant.

"But we are shepherds and farmers and artisans," argued Tell. "We have no arms. Some men have not even a club or pike."

"Think," added Hedwig, "how strong the governors are! They live in great castles with armed men ready to fight at their call. If we oppose them, aren't we opposing the emperor himself?"

The eyes of the two men flashed.

"Who ever heard of a good Swiss caring for the number of the enemy?"

"Hedwig, do you count the Austrians?" asked her husband. "Can we live in a land that is dishonored? Can we stand tamely by and be trampled under foot? Never!"

"I knew what you would say. Will you come with me, Tell? There's to be another night meeting at the Rütli and each of us is to bring ten men with him. We'll plan what to do not in one canton but all three, and the day when we shall do it."

"I cannot go with you. I must have one more hunting trip to get chamois skins to sell at the fair in Altdorf. And I've promised Henry to take him with me this year. You know my heart is with you. When there's something to be done you can count on me."

"I know, I know. Still I could wish to have you with us when we talk and plan."

At the very hour when Tell was starting on the hunting trip the thirty-three men at the Rütli finished their conference. There beneath the open sky as the stars paled and the sudden glow of dawn touched the snow-crowned mountains they raised their hands to heaven and swore to devote their lives to free the forest cantons from the tyranny of Austria. It was the beginning of the Swiss league.

That same night in the castle at Küssnacht two of the governors were planning too.

"Nowhere else in the world can you find such a race of men!" complained Landenburg who ruled over Unterwalden. "Do these lofty mountains give them this idea of liberty?"

"They're proud and stubborn," answered his host Gessler, "as fearless as they're sturdy and hardy. There's only one thing will make 'em understand we're masters here—cruelty. You must think up more ways to punish them. The old peasant at Melchthal who wouldn't give your men his oxen and was blinded for his insolence—that was fine!"

"I want to humble them."

"Yes, and sift out the trouble-makers from the quiet, peaceable folk who are thoroughly loyal. Ah, I've hit upon it! When I get back to my capital after a little pleasure trip I'll raise a pole in the market-place and put the royal cap on it and order every man who passes by to show it homage. Yes, take off their hats and bow as if it were the emperor himself."

"Those who disobey?"

"Will get whatever punishment my anger may suggest.

They'll repent it heartily, I promise you, for my penalties are never light."

Several days later William Tell returned home with some fine skins. The next morning with his son he set out for Altdorf.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure the man's safe now," he said in answer to Henry's question. "But who told you the story of poor Baumgarten?"

"The ferryman's daughter. Oh, I felt so proud to have such a father! How many things you can do—you're the best shot in all these three cantons, and not a man knows the mountain paths or the lake so well. You can row and steer as well as my grandfather and he was a pilot all his life. But I've never felt so proud of you before."

"Listen now, for you're getting to be a big boy and can understand. For years and years we Swiss have been free men and have proudly kept all our rights and liberties. But the son of the old emperor is a cruel tyrant. If we are to pass on to our children the liberty we had from our fathers we must resist. How it's going to end I don't know. But whatever may come remember this—you are free, the son of William Tell.

"Look," as they stopped at a turn in the path, "see how the mists have risen on the mountain side yonder. Isn't our blue lake beautiful to-day? In all the world you'll not find another so lovely as this lake of Lucerne. It's like a jewel set here in our mountains, isn't it?"

They could see far below the town of Altdorf, the capital of the canton of Uri. A big town it seemed to Henry who knew only the little village where they lived. The market-place was crowded with men and women who'd come to trade their wares or look on at the preparations for the fair.

Tell left the boy with an old friend while he sold his chamois skins. He got a good price that would certainly provide for them well during the long winter months.

"Are you ready to go, Henry?"

"Just a little longer, father."

"Ten minutes. We must start early, you know. It's a long way back to Bürglen."

Before the time was up there came a disturbance in the market-place. A squad of soldiers—Austrian soldiers—marched in pushing the crowd back in rude fashion. The captain carried a pole on which was a cap with a long plume. At the word of command the men halted and set up the pole. Then in loud, harsh tones he read out an order from the governor: every man who passed this pole must uncover his head and bow before it, paying to the royal cap the same homage he would pay to the emperor. It would go hard with any who refused, he ended with a threat.

In amazement, then in anger the people listened. They stared at cap and soldiers indignantly. The air was full of mutterings.

"Does an empty cap stand for the power of the emperor?"

"Are we slaves to bow down to a hat?"

"Does Gessler mock us in our misery?"

From the outskirts of the crowd came Tell and his son, meaning to cross the market-place and leave the town by the path that led to Bürglen. As if he did not see the pole he walked quietly along and passed it. The guards sprang forward and barred the way with their halberds.

"Halt!"

Tell looked up.

"You are our prisoner. You have incurred the penalty for not bowing to the emblem of the emperor," and they pointed up at the cap.

"What is the penalty?"

"The governor himself will tell you. Here he comes."

At that moment Gessler rode into the market-place. He wore armor and over it a rich surcoat bordered with fur. On a gold chain round his neck hung a large medal that told his rank as governor of the canton.

Fiercely he glanced over the throng and nodded his head as the captain spoke to him in a low voice. Across his heavy bearded face shot a look of malice and delight.

"Already? A man fallen into my trap? Bring him before me."

The soldiers seized Tell's arms and pushed him up into a little clear space in front of Gessler. Henry ran along beside his father.

"What is your name?"

"William Tell."

"What? Tell? Tell from Bürglen?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of your fame as a marksman. Why are you stopping this man?" he turned to the soldiers.

"Herr Governor, he passed the royal cap without uncovering his head."

"Perhaps he did not hear you read the order," Gessler pretended to be glad to find some excuse. "Am I right, Tell?"

"I heard it."

"Oho, so you are one of the stubborn ones. You mustn't think it strange then if I impose a severe penalty."

The mountaineer looked squarely at him and asked calmly, "How much is the fine?"

"Who said you'd be let off with money? Am I master here or not? Haven't I sole power to fix all punishments? Don't I represent the emperor?"

A murmur of indignation passed over the crowd in the market-place.

"No, no," answered several voices and one man added boldly, "He who rules in the name of the emperor should also rule in the name and the spirit of God."

Gessler's heavy face flushed. Impatiently he turned back to Tell and pointed to the crossbow.

"Why do you carry weapons?"

"It is one of the ancient privileges of a free man in these cantons."

"We'll see. If you carry weapons you must take the con-

sequences. I've heard, Tell, that you're the best shot in this country. Prove it now. Is that your son?"

"Yes."

"I'm ready with the penalty. You shall shoot"—he glanced about for a target—"shoot an apple from the boy's head. Now we shall have sport indeed. Pick an apple over there," he ordered one of his soldiers, "and lead the child to yonder lime tree. Tell's to shoot from the very spot where he's standing now—a hundred and fifty paces. If he doesn't hit my bull's-eye he dies."

The bystanders were full of pity and of fear. Even the faces of the Austrians were pale. Some of them had sons of their own. Tell said not a word, but gazed at his boy.

"How long will you keep me waiting?" Gessler spoke impatiently. "It didn't take you this long to decide to save Baumgarten. Come, ready!"

"Herr Governor, you cannot be in earnest. You ask this —of a father? To shoot at my own son's head? To risk his life just to show off my skill with the crossbow? just to amuse you with my fancy shooting? Take half—take all my property as a fine, but save me from this!"

The people in the market-place raised their hands imploringly and begged for mercy for their friend. Gessler's answer was to put his hand quickly on the hilt of his sword.

"Come, no more delay. Captain, drive the rabble to one side and give us room. Use your halberds there. Now, lead the boy to the tree."

Tell had been staring at his son. Quickly he sprang forward when one of the Austrians took hold of the child's arm.

"Hear me, all of you," the governor's harsh voice sounded above the murmurs of the crowd. "If Tell does not shoot, his son shall die at once—and then himself."

With ashy face the crossbowman leaned down and put his arms about the boy. Henry looked up into his eyes and half smiled.

"It's all right, father. I will stand quite still. You will not miss."

He reached up, pulled the red apple from the soldier's halberd and ran to his place under the lime tree. He stood still for a moment, then placed that strange target on his head.

The mountaineer steeled his heart for this awful testing of his skill. With trembling hands he chose two arrows from his quiver. One he slipped through his belt. The other he fitted into place.

All at once his excitement left him. His hands were perfectly steady and firm. For a second he looked up into the sky where a few white clouds were floating lazily across the blue. From the purple shadows on the mountain side came the sound of a merry little tune on a shepherd's horn. His lips moved.

Quietly he raised the heavy bow and drew it taut. With eyes as keen and clear as if he were hunting chamois he took aim. Twang! There was a sharp hissing sound as the arrow flew through the air.

QUIETLY WILLIAM TELL RAISED THE HEAVY BOW AND DREW IT TAUT

Squarely in the center it struck the red apple and pierced it. Gessler's target fell to the ground.

William Tell and the boy were safe!

Pale and silent he stood while the crowd broke out with shouts of applause.

" Show it to the governor," he said when the boy ran up to him with the apple.

Angrily Gessler took it. How could he trap this bold fellow? Then and there he would have liked to kill him. But even an Austrian must have some excuse, some pretence of right on his side. He knitted his brows as he watched father and son turn and walk toward the end of the market-place.

" Ho there, Tell! " he called suddenly as an idea flashed into his mind. " Why did you take two arrows from your quiver? "

The crossbowman hesitated and looked on the ground. He made no reply.

" Come, come. Why two? You knew one shot was all you needed. Answer, my man, your life is safe—on my word of honor your life is safe."

Tell took a step forward and looked Gessler straight in the eyes.

" The second was for you had I missed my aim."

" What—you dare ——" the governor broke in furiously. " For that bold and insolent talk I'll give you now the penalty you deserve. Yes, yes," as he caught an angry muttering behind him, " I promised you your life. You shall have it. But I will hide you in one of my strong prisons so that in the future

I am safe from your second arrow. Arrest him, soldiers! Bind him fast."

A smile played about his cruel mouth as he watched the men carry out this order.

" The rest of his life Tell shall spend in utter darkness where neither sun nor moon can shine upon him. Take him to the prison at Küssnacht. I myself will go with you. Down to the barge at once."

They set out to cross the lake. They were perhaps half-way over when a sudden storm came up—one of the dangerous winds that sweep down from the mountains and lash the lake to fury. The waves were whipped to foam. Boat and men were in grave peril. The peasants who were rowing became panic-stricken.

" Any moment we may lose our lives. No hope of escape. Save us, save us! " they appealed to the governor.

" What can I do to save myself? " was his helpless answer.

" Have Tell steer or we are all lost. He knows the lake."

" Tell's the best boatman in the forest cantons."

" Unbind him then and give him the helm."

The crossbowman stretched his free arms up to the threatening sky and without a word moved to the stern of the barge. No one noticed that he took his bow and arrows with him. They saw only his firm hands on the tiller, felt the boat right itself, and knew that this man might be able to bring them through the storm.

With anxious faces they watched as he boldly steered this

way and that, easing off when a very high wave was coming, keeping steady on his course, ready for every shift of wind, for every hidden ledge of rock. What strong arms he had! Well he deserved his reputation.

"Row hard all!" he called, "harder—till we are opposite that flat point. Then the worst is past."

At the foot of the Axenberg they saw him turn in toward a broad shelf of rock whose jagged edges they caught glimpses of under the waves. With amazement they watched him run in closer and closer, let go the tiller, take up crossbow and quiver and spring ashore.

Off and away!

No one quick enough to guess his plan and stop him. No one skilful enough to bring the boat about and try a landing there. No one bold enough to follow.

Terror and confusion reigned in the governor's barge as their prisoner climbed up the cliffside and disappeared in the woods.

Some hours later when the wind had died down Gessler and his men landed. They set out on horseback for Küssnacht. A mile and a quarter from the castle the road led them into a deep pass in the forest.

"He will surrender," the governor exclaimed to his captain. "Yes, yes, he'll be glad to give himself up. All through the forest cantons I'll announce my scheme. Unless this Tell surrenders his son dies next Monday. The other boy the following week. Then his good wife. That'll bring him to terms, I——"

Through the branches came a whizzing sound. Gessler fell forward with an arrow through his heart.

" Tell's—shaft," he whispered.

The next moment the Austrian was dead.

That was the first blow for Switzerland's liberty. On every hand his countrymen took courage from Tell's act. Here, there, wherever they could they found arms for their little force. Secretly they went on with the plans made at the Rütli.

On New Year's Day they captured the three castles where the governors lived. William Tell led the attack at Küssnacht—the place Gessler was taking him to. The prison was razed to the ground.

On the mountain crests burned the signal fires of freedom. The deputies of the forest cantons assembled and renewed the oath sworn to at the Rütli. The emperor himself came from Austria to conquer these rebels, but met death on the journey. Uri, Unterwalden and Schwyz were independent once more.

Thus Switzerland, the oldest free state in the world, was born.

And William Tell? Eight and forty years he lived after the momentous day when he shot at that strange target—shot and won. An old, old man he died to save a drowning child. But he had seen the defeat of the Austrians at Morgarten Pass, had seen Lucerne join the league, then other cities till the name Swiss was applied not to one canton, but to the confederation.

To-day he's the great hero of every boy and girl in Switzerland. To be sure wise men have pointed out that his story is

romantic legend rather than sober truth; that this is a bit of folklore found in Iceland and Norway and Denmark, on the Rhine, in Persia, even in an old English ballad; that the most careful search of ancient records in the forest cantons fails to show that such a man as Tell ever lived there.

Not true? say the Swiss. Why, the story must be true. Where he leaped ashore at the foot of the Axenberg stands a little chapel with paintings of Tell's adventures. It's been there over four centuries. And to this day the place is called Tellsplatte. The steamer that runs up the lake from Lucerne will stop if you ask the captain. You ought to come at Ascension Day—then mass is said in that chapel and a sermon is preached with the congregation all in their little boats; and when the service is over they form a procession up the lake.

Not true? they say indignantly. But there's another chapel in the forest pass near Küssnacht where Gessler fell, and yet another in the village of Bürglen on the site of Tell's house. And there's his statue—Tell and the boy—in the market-place of Altdorf, and the old fountain where the lime tree once stood—it was cut down in the fifteen hundreds.

Not true? Why, at the Rütli, in that quiet mountain meadow where the three leaders swore their oath, you can see to-day the three clear springs that rose through the earth to mark the spot. It is the center of Switzerland.

Not true? Every year this story of liberty and of Tell's part in it is acted in a play in the valley where these events took place.

Nothing but shadowy legend? To-day more than six centuries later William Tell is the symbol of the Swiss love of liberty. In every schoolroom in the land you'll find his picture. In speeches and poems, in painting and sculpture, in Schiller's drama, in an opera his exploits are celebrated. And as your guide points out the spots made immortal by this cross-bowman of Uri, your heart as well as his beats the faster. Your love of liberty too is quickened. For Tell belongs not only to the forest cantons and to Switzerland, but to the whole world.

"I'll stand quite still, father. You will not miss."

THE MAN WHO BUILT UP AN EMPIRE

William Pitt: 1708–1778

"WHAT? What?" spluttered George II. "Who dares say that? Who is the man?"

"His name is Pitt, Your Majesty—William Pitt."

"Pitt—Pitt—I'll never forgive him, never! The House of Commons sends me congratulations on my son's marriage and this fellow Pitt makes a speech—ugh! a fiery, sarcastic speech full of vicious slurs at me and the prince of Wales. What's he done before this? Look up his record for me."

Secretary and clerk could tell the angry king little about

this member of Parliament. It was his first speech, for during the whole of the last session he hadn't opened his mouth. His training? Eton and a year at Oxford, left because of ill health, suffers from gout. What does he look like? Tall and slim—twenty-seven years old—with a long neck and a big nose and flashing eyes.

His family? No wealth nor influence there. A younger son, grandson of "Diamond Pitt," who came back from India with a diamond as big as an egg and sold it to the regent of France. With that money he bought an estate and a seat in Parliament. Any other office? Yes, cornet of horse in the King's Blues.

Word of this bold, irritating speech was carried to the prime minister. I suppose no young member without means or influence ever caused such agitation.

"We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse," said Walpole.

He tried a bribe—promotion in the army. Refused. Then in the most high-handed fashion he took away Pitt's commission. If the prime minister had been his greatest friend he couldn't have advertised the young orator more splendidly. The army took his side, and the people too.

Still his speech and the penalty had one result that was serious. The pay of a cornet of horse wasn't much, but it was all young Pitt had besides a hundred pounds a year left him by his grandfather. From a surprising source this loss was made up. The prince of Wales was carrying on a bitter quarrel with the

king and appointed this bold M. P. a groom of his bedchamber —a post with light duties and a salary of four hundred pounds a year.

His first public speech—but not his last. George II and Walpole would hear from him again. He attacked the prime minister over and over and over for his foreign policy—made for Hanover first and for England second, he argued. He sneered at the king and at Hanover. He held both up to ridicule and contempt.

Now you must remember, to understand this period of history, that the second of the Georges was born in Germany and was over thirty when he went to England. He felt like an exile in London. As schoolboys count the days till vacation he counted the weeks and months till he could go back to Hanover—his paradise. He hoarded his money as king of England and poured it out with liberal hand as elector of Hanover. And there was plenty of need for thousands of pounds in that century of almost constant warfare.

"Englishmen are taxed for soldiers in Hanover," was Pitt's cry. "If we form an alliance it's to help Hanover. England must be first!"

War broke out with Spain and Walpole's long years as prime minister ended. A new group came into power. They were all friends of William Pitt's, but for him there was no office—by the express command of the king.

"No, no!" he answered stubbornly to every argument brought forward, "I'll have none of him!"

With every opportunity Pitt spoke — spoke fearlessly, eloquently. Speeches in Parliament were not taken down. Only vague and incomplete reports reached the people. But it was to them this man spoke, not to the members of the House of Commons. And quick they were to sense this.

"Here's a person the king can't buy with honors or with office."

"He's the most popular speaker in the House."

"He'll soon be at the head of his party."

"He's our member—our Pitt!"

When he was thirty-three he had an astounding piece of news. The old duchess of Marlborough died and in her will left him ten thousand pounds. "On account of his merit in the noble defence of the law of England, and to prevent the ruin of the country," ran her words. Everybody knew she'd hated Walpole all her life long.

The lawyer's message reached Pitt while he was trying the waters at Bath, for he was desperately ill with his old enemy, the gout. Now with an assured income of seven or eight hundred pounds a year he could give up his post with the prince of Wales and throw himself into politics.

That same year came a change of ministers. Again his name was suggested for this place or that, only to be promptly vetoed by the king.

"Secretary of War?" cried George II. "I'll not have Pitt as Secretary of War at any price. If he had the office I'd use

him ill. If he had it I'd not admit him to my presence to do its business. Not a word more—I will not have him."

Even the king could not always have his own way. Two years later Pitt's friends in the cabinet made him paymaster-general. In the king's presence he must take the oath. George II was so annoyed and so bitter that he shed tears when this man knelt before him. For four years he did not speak to Pitt.

Now to be paymaster-general at that time meant the opportunity to make a fortune. This official paid the soldiers, the royal guards, the pensioners, all the army contractors—and on each item he could ask a commission. The funds for a whole year were given him in a lump sum and he could put this out at interest till the various items fell due. Besides all this he paid over to their London agents the subsidies voted by Parliament to foreign princes—in one year these totaled over five million dollars—and there was a fixed percentage due to him.

This had been going on so long that everybody knew about it and expected it. Politicians were supposed to fatten from the public purse. The paymaster's office in that century was a great prize with immense profits—for somebody. Pitt held it nine years and took not a farthing above his salary.

"Can this be true?" the king of Sardinia wrote his agent. "Parliament votes me a subsidy of two hundred thousand pounds and the whole amount is paid you? Give the man a handsome present."

William Pitt refused the present, but rumor of this transaction—and others like it—reached the people. Very clearly he saw that his power rested with them—not with the king nor with Parliament—and that it was based on two things: his eloquence and their faith in him. Never should his countrymen, he resolved, have cause to doubt him.

For England, he felt, would soon have need of his services. Affairs were in a critical condition. Trade was dying off. Spain took a haughty attitude and ordered British ships to keep away from her ports in the West Indies.

"When trade is at stake," cried Pitt, "you must defend it or perish!"

But on land and sea the war was going badly for England. Instead of her own soldiers she was depending on hired troops. Her allies were dictating what she should do. She had no reputation, no prestige. Patriotism seemed dead. What man cared for England?

Dearly, passionately Pitt loved his country. He believed in her future, in her power and greatness. His flashing speeches were full of an intense, burning devotion, of enthusiasm and national ambition. What is best for England? was his answer to every question that came up.

In all her history the tide had never ebbed so low. The ministry was incompetent to meet the crisis. The country was in such a weakened state, so disheartened that the mere threat of twenty thousand Frenchmen's invading London threw men into a panic. They had no leader, no courage, no hope.

Again and again Pitt spoke against the ministers and their mismanagement of public affairs. Without ceasing he hammered away at them. Not a moment he gave them to catch their breath and recover. And with each speech he was growing stronger not with Parliament and the king, but with the English people. His plan was to make them insist that these men resign and that he, Pitt, be given power.

"With all my heart," he said earnestly, "I believe I could do better. I'm convinced I could do no worse."

Indeed things were going badly. The French fleet captured a British fortress in the Mediterranean. Their army overran Hanover. Their troops drove away the English garrisons on Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario. In far-away India came the disgrace of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Every expedition ended in failure—Braddock's in the Ohio country, the gateway to the west; another against Louisburg, the key to Canada.

"We are no longer a nation," cried Lord Chesterfield in despair.

Two years of alarm, discouragement, mismanagement, disaster, of shame, grief, rage. Then William Pitt came into his own. The king could not do with him, the people could not do without him. Now came their demand, so insistent, repeated so many, many times that even George II had to listen and in the end to yield: "Give us Pitt! He alone can save the national honor."

"We are not satisfied. Put Pitt in charge of the war!"

" He is the first man in England. Then let him be first."

" He is our champion."

" He's our darling, our idol."

" Pitt—Pitt, the great commoner! " they called at the very door of the royal palace.

The stubborn, old king gave way. In 1757 he called William Pitt into the cabinet as Secretary of State. This put him in control of England's foreign policy and the management of the war. Such a minister the country had never had. For four years he ruled in a blaze of triumph.

" It is the people who have sent me here," he boasted when dukes and lords ventured to oppose his plans. They voted as he demanded and left him free to grapple with England's difficulties.

As if by magic conditions changed. Pitt took command and gave orders like a king. Heedless of pain and illness he worked like a giant—for England. His own greatness and zeal, his love of country he passed on to those who served with him. His energy and driving power he put into every branch of the government. He roused the spirit of the people till England began to believe in herself. The war that had begun so badly he turned into a war the most glorious and most successful she'd ever carried on.

He dismissed the hired troops from Hesse and Hanover and Switzerland and sent them out of the country.

" Must we buy our courage and defence? Shall we tax ourselves and spend the money abroad for mercenaries? "

In their places he enlisted regiment after regiment—Englishmen, Irishmen, American colonists, even Scotchmen.

"Impossible!" people declared when he announced this plan. "Will the Scots fight for George II when so recently they took up arms for Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

"Impossible!" answered royal governors and officers who'd served in America. "The colonists won't fight and they won't pay for their defence."

"Wrong! All they need for victory is the right man to direct them and call out their best. They're loyal Englishmen and will rally when we appeal to their patriotism. Tax them? No! We'll pay for arms and ammunition and provisions, we'll pay for uniforms and wages for—say twenty thousand men. Friction and jealousy? Let their officers rank with ours in the field and win promotion for merit only. Use them as scouts. Fight Indian-fashion when it's necessary. You'll see I'm right—we'll have an army of fifty thousand, half redcoats and half buckskins.

"Impossible, you say? Nothing is impossible—for England. We'll all fight side by side with no distinction save for those who fight the best."

The navy too felt a new hand at the helm. The number of frigates and men-of-war Pitt doubled, then tripled. He chose officers for their ability—not because of family connections or wealth or votes. He cared nothing that this was breaking the traditions of centuries. It was for England.

He was soon the idol of both army and navy. Every young

officer knew the minister's eye was on him, knew he would win promotion if he did well, yes even if he were poor and friendless. There was a new spirit of courage and determination, of ambition and enthusiasm and pride of country that made failures impossible.

The treasury was almost empty. Pitt filled it by extra taxes and by borrowing, and kept it filled by loan after loan. Two million pounds, three, five, eight, twelve—the national debt doubled. The mountain of expense was piled higher and higher.

"We can afford it better than France," was his answer to all objections that were raised.

"We'll pay the taxes and lend what sums you need," replied the merchants of London, for in spite of the long war trade had never been so flourishing and they knew to whom this was due.

With money and ships and men at his command Pitt set to work to change defeats to victories. He spread out the map of the world. In the grand mixup of European politics, in the constant changing of allies he saw clearly that England had one enemy—France; and she must fight France not in one place, but in many—in North America and the West Indies, in Africa and India, on the Continent and at sea.

He saw clearly that this contest which had been going on for years, with a peace now and then that was only an armed truce, was a war for supremacy. Should England or France

be the great colonizer? Should the world empire be Anglo-Saxon or French, Protestant or Roman Catholic?

A giants' conflict that took in more than half the globe. Most men could see it in only one phase, could take in one little part of the great struggle. With his far-seeing vision and his dreams for England's greatness Pitt saw it all as one, saw that this fort and that battle and the other expedition were fractions that put together made up the whole. They were like pieces in a puzzle impossible to understand till he fitted them into place. Only his success could prove how far-reaching his plans for England were.

"We are," said Pitt, "a nation of traders. We must be supreme at sea in order that our trade shall not suffer. Our colonies must grow and grow. Our glory or our ruin depends on them. It is victory or defeat in America that will settle this war."

While he was winning the people over to his view he changed his mind about one thing—Hanover. For years the very word had been enough to set him off at a gallop, thundering against all the king's pet measures that sold England's interests for Hanover's profit. Now he realized that he must fight the French in yet one more place—in Hanover!

"Right-about face! I alter my position absolutely. Not consistent with my arguments in the past? Don't talk now of consistency or the lack of it. This is for England!"

And he poured one subsidy after another into the empty treasury of Frederick the Great. He paid the bills for an

army of seventy-five thousand for the protection of Hanover.

"This is the only possible way to secure North America," was his argument.

Then came 1759, the year of marvels. The tide had turned and victory was no longer with the French, but with the English. Victory at sea where in three great battles the French lost till there was no longer any rumor of their invading London, till their commerce was well-nigh driven from the ocean. Victory in the West Indies and on the coast of Africa where the British flag waved over the French settlements. Victory in India where Clive wiped out the Calcutta disgrace. Victory in Germany against the flower of the French army. Best of all victories in the New World—Duquesne taken and rechristened Fort Pitt, to-day the site of Pittsburgh—the forts on the lakes recaptured, breaking the connection between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi valley—Louisburg won—and Quebec.

"Perhaps we'll add France itself to the British crown," men boasted in London.

"Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories," wrote Walpole.

Clive and Wolfe, Frederick the Great, Amherst and Howe were the heroes of these successes. But behind them was the master who had the lion's share in each plan and its achievement. Through the rejoicing of England there arose one name—"Pitt! Pitt!"

As the good news came in from every quarter of the globe his reputation grew and grew, and with his England's. He found her weak and humiliated abroad. He made her the first country in the world. Practically alone against the rest of Europe, she had more splendor and more prestige than when she boasted a long list of allies. And when the peace of Paris was made, the most honorable peace England ever saw, she found herself with greatly increased dominions—Canada, islands in the West Indies, French possessions in Africa, and a promise not to fortify trading posts in India.

But Pitt who had made all this possible did not dictate the treaty of Paris. He was at the height of his power when George II died. A secret message was sent to the prince of Wales who hurried up to London. On the road he met a coach and six with servants in livery of blue and silver. Inside was William Pitt, come to pay his respects to the new sovereign. George III passed by without a word. As his coach followed the king's through the city streets the people cheered far more for the great commoner Pitt than for their new ruler. Was this the beginning of George III's jealousy?

Pitt's strength came from public opinion. Now for that the young king cared not a whit. In a few months the ministry resigned and George III's friends came into power.

" It's worth two victories to us," declared the French.

For five years Pitt was out of office. Most of that time he was very ill.

" His gout is part of the history of England," men came to say.

For the gout that made him suffer at Eton and look on at the boys' sports, that forced him to leave Oxford, had kept him company all these years. Often he went into the House of Commons with a crutch, sometimes with two; often swathed in flannel bandages or wearing a monstrous boot.

" That's all a trick," his enemies would comment sneeringly. " He plans bandages and crutches as an actor plans his make-up and uses them as theatrically as David Garrick."

But it was those very enemies who listened to his words in that noisy assembly with such close attention that, as Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, " You might hear a pin fall while he was speaking." When he rose the House subsided in silence. On some faces was alarm, on some uneasiness, on some agitation. Where would his thunderbolts fall?

A solemn opening, his argument stated, then followed his reasons given with earnest sincerity, with ridicule and contempt, a bitter scoffing, repartee that stung and hurt, ending with a sublime burst of eloquence. With only notes of his speeches and odd paragraphs as some of his audience afterward could remember them, we are to-day thrilled by the mere reading of his words and can understand why Pitt ranks with Cicero and Demosthenes as one of the great orators of the world.

Illness kept him out of Parliament more and more. But when danger threatened the England he loved, the empire he'd founded, he forgot his gout, forgot his party, forgot everything

OFTEN WILLIAM PITT LIMPED INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
WITH THE HELP OF CRUTCH AND SERVANT

save his country. Then he spoke with flashes of his old fire. Ministers shivered when he drove to the House and breathed freely only when he went away.

Such a crisis came over the repeal of the Stamp Act. It had been passed during one of his absences—a fine scheme to tax the colonies in America to meet the heavy expenses of the struggle with France. Pitt heartily disapproved—indeed this very plan he had refused while the war was going on.

"The colonists have already done their share," he argued. "They've spent large sums of money for a war that began as our quarrel. They've lost thousands of men. Tax them now? We have no right under heaven to tax America."

No wonder the colonies felt he was their best friend in England. He believed in the rights of all Englishmen, and so became America's champion and defender. He put forth heroic efforts to stem the torrent of injustice on the part of the king's ministers.

When word reached London of Boston's resistance, of trouble in Philadelphia and the south, that stamp officers were forced to resign, that no money was coming into the treasury from the new tax, Pitt openly rejoiced. The merchants of England urged that the act be repealed or their trade would be ruined.

Pitt hobbled into the House, swathed in flannel. His eagle face was alive with emotion. Some Americans up in the gallery could hardly keep from cheering. The debate lasted till midnight. Pitt spoke, others replied, he spoke again.

"In my opinion this kingdom had no right to lay a tax on the colonies. America is obstinate? America is almost in open rebellion? Sir, I rejoice that she has resisted!"

The act was repealed. The doors were thrown open and Pitt appeared. Caps were tossed up into the early morning air. Hurrahs came from the crowds who pushed up around the great orator's carriage and escorted him to his door.

In spite of jealousy George III called him to court and gave him the title of earl of Chatham. The people who had stood by him so loyally were disappointed when he took a seat in the House of Lords. This fine Lord Chatham was a stranger. "Our Pitt" they had called him lovingly. But their fears that he'd gone over to the king's side were misplaced. As he had fought to build up an empire he now fought a long battle for liberty—but he fought almost alone.

George III wished to keep the American colonies by force. Pitt too—or Chatham, as we must call him now—wished to keep them—by wise diplomacy. He pleaded that they accept Boston's offer to pay for the tea thrown into the harbor and withdraw the bill closing her port; refused. Only three months before Lexington he suggested that they recall the British troops, abandon all claims to tax the colonies, and make their charters secure; rejected with contempt.

"It is not canceling a piece of parchment that can win back America," he insisted. "You must repeal her fears and her resentments."

But all his plans for reconciliation failed. When war began

he saw clearly that the English people, whether in England or in the colonies, were a power against the tyranny of a king and his ministers; that their cause was the same, the cause of freedom.

"You cannot conquer America," he cried when word came of Howe's successes at New York and Philadelphia. "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I'd never lay down my arms—never, *never,* NEVER!"

In a burst of indignation he thundered against using the Indians and their scalping knives as allies of Britain against her own children. Again he brought forward a scheme for drawing the two countries together—a federal union such as binds Canada to the empire to-day, with the colonies master of their local government. Possibly Pitt might have been able to carry this through. But he had no opportunity, for it was promptly voted down.

There followed the Declaration of Independence, the victory at Saratoga, the French alliance. The frightened ministers now proposed to withdraw fleet and army from America and make peace on whatever terms the colonists would accept. This roused Pitt. If it passed in Parliament it meant the first break in the empire he had built up, a first cut in the circle of colonies he'd wrested from the enemy. Never would he consent, never willingly.

"Get me up from this sick-bed," he ordered his servants,

" and dress me for the House of Lords. No matter what the weather. I must go."

He was an old man of sixty-nine—far more than sixty-nine in truth, for his body was wasted by illness. But the old fire burned bright and clear. For England!

There was a stir at the door and the astonished peers saw the earl of Chatham enter. He was leaning on his crutches. His son and son-in-law supported his trembling steps. His face was very pale. His dark gray eyes flashed like lightning. With one accord the members started to their feet and remained standing till he was in his old place.

He began to speak. A protest against hasty action that would make England bow the knee to France, her ancient enemy. A reminder of the national honor, of their glorious past. The sentences were broken. Here and there a burst of the old eloquence that had once held them all captive.

" I rejoice that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy."

" The magic of your name," said the duke who answered him, " can work anything short of miracles. But only a miracle can save us now from the dire necessity of abandoning America."

Chatham rose to reply. He fainted and sank to the floor. With eager sympathy the members came up to offer assistance. In the silence of real tragedy the great orator who had often limped in theatrically was carried out unconscious to a house near by. A few days later they took him home to die. He

fell fighting for England, like a soldier struck down at his post.

The House of Commons voted a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey.

"I am surprised at this measure," complained George III. "It is offensive to me personally."

The sorrowing multitude made ample amends for the absence of the court. For two days endless lines of people filed slowly by as the body lay in state. Then in solemn procession it was carried to its last resting-place by the north door of the Abbey.

William Pitt, the great commoner, earl of Chatham, who believed in England's greatness and made England believe in herself, is a hero to his countrymen. And he's no less a hero to us. The last of the great names that linked the two countries, that served both England and America.

I WILL BE HEARD!

William Lloyd Garrison: 1805–1879

"H'M," said the good deacon, "what can you do, boy? How old are you?"

"Seven, sir, and if you'll only let me stay with you I'll work so hard. My mother can earn some money as a nurse if I have a home, and that'll take care of the other children."

"H'm, so your family's too poor to hold together? What can a child of seven do to earn his board and keep?"

"I can split kindling, and if you'll show me how I'll saw your wood, and I can peddle apples—and all the odd jobs—after school," he added bravely.

"I'll talk to my wife about it. Does seem somehow as if you ought to have a chance at schooling. But we're not rich people, you know. You'd be one more mouth to feed."

William helped the deacon and made the most of his months at school. But money he must earn and at nine he was apprenticed to a shoemaker.

"You won't do for this job," the man said after a time. "You can't manage the lapstone. Why, you're not much bigger than your last."

He worked for a while with a cabinet-maker and at thirteen started in with a printer. The eager boy took to this work like a duck to water. Some day, some day, he dreamed, he'd own a newspaper of his own and write all the articles. During a long apprenticeship he learned every side of the printer's trade, learned too what power a paper had in making public opinion.

At sixteen he began to write. In a disguised hand he copied off his first article, signed it "An Old Bachelor," and posted it to the editor.

"Here, somebody's sent us a contribution. It'll pass. Set it up in type, Garrison," and his own pages were passed over to the young foreman.

He kept on writing and article after article was printed. But he did not tell his chief. He told no one but his mother. Her letter wasn't very encouraging to a boy who'd known poverty and hardship all his life.

> "Think well, my son, before you embark on such a pitiful career. You have no doubt read and heard the fate of authors, that they generally starve to death in some garret. So you may see what fortune and luck belong to you if you are of that class of people."

When his apprenticeship was over, his chief secretly loaned him some money and Garrison bought a newspaper in that little Massachusetts town. "The Free Press" he called it—a good name, a pretty good paper. But without any capital it failed shortly. It's remembered now because its friendly columns gave Whittier his first audience. Indeed the editor took a long drive to seek out the barefoot boy and encouraged him to keep on at school and to write his verses.[1]

For the next few years Garrison did odd jobs as printer and editor. In a boarding house in Boston he met by chance a Quaker from Baltimore—a slight, gentle figure possessed with one great desire—a desire that had gripped him and would give him no peace—to free the negro slaves.

"So I started a little monthly paper," he told his story, "though I had no money, though I knew nothing about printing. I walked four hundred miles, talking to all the people I met and getting a few subscribers here and there. How did I live? Making saddles and mending harness. But America must get rid of slavery. Gradual emancipation is my goal. I've given my life to bring this to pass."

Garrison was deeply moved. Across his mind flashed his

[1] See the chapter on John Greenleaf Whittier in the author's *Story of the Johns.*

mother's teaching when he was a very small boy—to be fearless in the path of duty, to hate oppression, to stand for the right. In his heart the Quaker Lundy lighted a flame that was to burn for more than thirty years.

These chance acquaintances left the boarding house. Garrison went to a town in Vermont to edit a paper. One morning who should come into his office but Lundy—Lundy who'd walked all the way from Baltimore to tell this young man that he was needed.

"My little magazine's doing fairly well, but it hasn't spirit enough. It's too mild. It must have more spice, more energy or we'll never put an end to slavery. Will thee take charge? Between us we'll force men to read it and remember what it says."

"But I can't agree with you in everything. The slaves must be freed—yes, yes. But I'm against your plan to free a few at a time. That'd take years and years. I want immediate emancipation without any conditions."

Lundy was startled at this radical view.

"Why waste our strength trying to beat down the Bastille with a feather? I'm for digging under the foundations and springing a mine that won't leave one stone upon another."

"Thee may put thy initials to thine articles and I'll put my initials to mine. Each will bear his own burden."

"Very well," Garrison agreed. "Now I shall be able to free my soul."

Like a knight of old enlisting in some holy cause the young

editor answered this call to arms. It was a long crusade these two men started, often a bitter warfare. It meant sacrifices and poverty. It meant the contempt and hatred of their fellows. All this Garrison was willing to face if in the end he could help to bring about the downfall of slavery.

"I trust," he wrote in a last editorial to his subscribers in Vermont, "I may be the humble instrument of breaking at least one chain and restoring one captive to liberty. That will amply repay a life of severe toil."

To-day it's very hard, if not impossible, to realize what a stand against slavery meant a century ago. Both north and south it was a forbidden topic. There always had been slaves in America—since 1619—and that very fact was an argument for making no change.

"What about justice?"

"It's always been this way," men would answer. "It's the custom of the country. It's part of the Constitution."

"No, no," cried the gentle Lundy.

"NO, NO, NO!" thundered Garrison. "Slavery is inhuman, it's unjust. It's opposed to the liberty and justice we pride ourselves on. America is blind if she counts only money and profit. Christian slave-owners? You might as well say honest thieves!"

The two men began in Baltimore a giant's task—to rouse public opinion on the question of slavery. They had no money. Garrison had no purse. They had almost no friends—a few Quakers, a few negroes. Month after month, then week by

GARRISON SAW SLAVERY AT FIRST HAND IN THAT SOUTHERN CITY

week their little paper came out with its columns of comment and discussion on this one subject.

Lundy had lived in several of the southern states. Slavery he knew at first hand. Garrison found plenty of material in Baltimore, a southern city. On its main streets were slave pens. At its auction blocks he saw families separated, children torn from their mothers to be sent far away. His heart was stirred to its depths.

A ship with a big load of negroes, seized in Africa, put in at Baltimore and then went on to New Orleans. This was plainly foreign slave traffic, forbidden by act of Congress. Garrison printed all the details with the name of the ship and its owner—a man from his old home in Massachusetts.

Promptly the northerner brought suit against him for libel. The jury heard the evidence and in fifteen minutes gave their verdict: Guilty.

"Fifty dollars fine and costs," announced the judge, "or go to jail."

It counted up over a hundred dollars—more money than Garrison or Lundy ever had at one time. Into the Baltimore jail went the editor and the paper stopped.

Garrison wasn't cast down. He made friends with the other prisoners, talked with slave-owners when they came in to search for their runaways, and planned out a series of lectures. After forty-nine days a rich Quaker merchant in New York sent the money for his fine and he was released.

With no paper to work on he started out to lecture about

slavery. No manager offered him a thousand dollars a night. No church opened its pulpit to him. On every hand people were indifferent or else were directly opposed to his radical views. He went up to Boston, but could find no room to speak in.

"I will be heard," he said stoutly to himself. "I will be heard!"

At last a society of infidels came forward to help him.

"We don't care about the slaves," they confessed frankly, "but we do care about freedom of speech. If you want to lecture you can do so in our hall."

Perhaps to his amazement he found that if the South needed to be roused to the evils of slavery, the North needed it still more. If the slave trade had bound the South hand and foot, it had also bound the North. The conscience of the people was sound asleep.

What seems hard for us to believe is that many of the best men of that day defended slavery. They could not see, as Garrison plainly saw, that the whole question was one of economics, of dollars and cents; that in the long run the moral point of view is the only point of view and that other issues do not count.

"If you interfere with slavery," some argued, "you'll break up the Union."

"All this agitation and discussion will make the negroes restless and hard to manage. Better keep still."

"Free the slaves?" questioned some. "Never! Not safe! Why, they'd kill their masters."

"We need cotton for our factories," insisted northerners exactly as southerners insisted, "We need slaves for our cotton fields."

Thus in an endless circle men argued—and nothing was done.

Garrison had planned to raise some money to start a paper in Washington. More important, he decided, to rouse public opinion in the North. He'd publish an abolition paper there in Boston. If people wouldn't listen to his voice, they should heed his pen.

On New Year's Day of 1831 came the first number of the *Liberator,* the beginning of a fierce campaign that was to end only with the end of slavery itself. A little sheet, fourteen by nine inches, but destined to accomplish great things.

Garrison was fearless and courageous, and he needed these two qualities for the task before him. He had no money—not a dollar in the world. He had no influential friends, no subscribers. He had no press and no type.

He formed a partnership with Isaac Knapp, as poor as himself. They found work on a Boston paper and took their pay in the use of type and presses. Out of hours they did all the work on the *Liberator.*

They would publish their little weekly, declared the two, as long as they could live on bread and water. Almost literally this was true, for more than once they could afford nothing but bread and milk.

Mrs. Garrison's warning about authors who lived in garrets was true too. Their office was on the top floor of a business block, with dingy walls and little windows spattered with printers' ink. In one corner stood the press. In the middle of the room was a long work-table. On the floor was the partners' bed.

But hear the ending of Garrison's first editorial:

> " On this question of slavery I do not wish to speak or write with moderation. I am in earnest. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. And I will be heard! "

Not gradual freedom for the slaves, but immediate freedom was his aim. This question he set to work to make the most important of the day, the most vital. If a thing was wrong, it should not exist another hour. If it was a sin, it should not be allowed another day. Thus he met every argument for half-measures.

Was there ever a more uphill job than moving people out of their indifference? His " I will be heard " was a voice crying in the wilderness. It needed more than a whisper to tear the gag away from northern lips, to waken the conscience of thousands.

The *Liberator* was launched on a stormy sea. Somehow it kept afloat. When bills for paper and postage threatened to swamp it, some mysterious person would come forward and make up the deficit. Day in and day out, in season and out of

season it preached one thing and one only—freedom for the slaves; without any delay, without any conditions, without payment to their owners.

North and South it made a sensation. The first sign of success came in a flood not of subscribers, but of abuse. Southerners denounced it. They tried to prevent the circulation of the *Liberator* in their section. They threatened to lynch Garrison. Georgia offered five thousand dollars to any person who should convict him. South Carolina promised a large reward to the prosecutor of any white man who distributed the hated sheet. In North Carolina the young editor was indicted by the grand jury who hoped to bring him there for trial.

A southern senator received a copy through the mail and wrote to the mayor of Boston asking who this bold young fellow was. The mayor sent a clerk around to the *Liberator's* address and replied:

> "Garrison's office is an obscure hole. His only helper is a little colored boy. His supporters are a few very insignificant persons of all colors."

Yet from that obscure hole he kept thundering away till at last his blows began a movement that freed four million souls. His answer to all these attacks was to form an anti-slavery society. It started with a dozen members who met one stormy night in the basement of a colored church in Boston—1832 this was—the first of many societies he founded all through the northern states. They held meetings, sent out speakers, helped

with the *Liberator* and other papers, roused the sleepy public to an interest in slavery, and kept the question stirred up.

" It's not a matter of principle with us," said a rich merchant speaking in public to a group of abolitionists, " but of business necessity. We can't afford to let you succeed. We don't mean to allow you to succeed. We mean to put you down by fair means if we can, by foul means if we must."

" It's you business men who keep slavery going," thundered Garrison in reply. " It can't be the will of the people once they begin to think, to understand what slavery really is. And it's the business of my life to show them."

Anti-slavery matters took him to London. The English abolitionists were ready to receive him with open arms, but were utterly amazed when he appeared.

" Why, my dear sir," exclaimed his host, " from your fervor in the cause we thought you were a black man! Is it possible that in America a white man cares so much for the slaves that he sacrifices his time and his efforts in their behalf? "

" That was the greatest compliment of my life," Garrison added when he told the story to his friends in Boston, " because it showed how truly I'd worked for the slaves."

It was on this trip he met George Thompson, one of the most eloquent speakers for abolition, and urged him to lecture in America. But when Thompson came two years later it brought only trouble for Garrison. He was to speak in Boston. The mere announcement made men indignant.

" He's a foreign vagrant, come over here in his impudent,

bullying, English way to make mischief. Shall we stand for that?"

"Let's not let him speak," someone proposed.

In an instant the movement was under way. The crowd that quickly gathered was not a rabble, not the dregs and scum that often make up a riot, but men of property, men of standing in the city of Boston.

They rushed to the place where the twenty ladies of the anti-slavery society were meeting. With every block they grew in numbers. Luckily for the Britisher he hadn't arrived. But Garrison's office was next door. All the rage of merchants who saw their supply of cotton in danger, of shipowners who saw their southern trade threatened, broke out against him.

"We must have Garrison!"

"Out with him!"

"Lynch him!"

They laid violent hands upon him and pulled him away from his desk. His new suit was nearly torn from his body. He lost his hat. They tied a rope around his neck and started to drag him through the streets.

Only one voice was heard in his behalf.

"He shan't be hurt. Remember, he's an American."

"No lynching then. Let's tar and feather him on the Common!"

"A fine plan! To Boston Common!"

Said the mayor, "This must not go on. It'll be a stain on

the city's fair reputation. How far will this mob go? I must interfere."

By a ruse he got Garrison away from the crowd, hustled him into the Old State House and out at the other side, bundled him into a carriage and drove him off to jail—the safest place the mayor could think of!

This incident advertised Garrison and his cause far and wide.

Nor was that the only time his life was threatened, his work molested. The mails brought him frequent letters warning him of assassination. He was burned in effigy in Charleston. One morning when he came down to breakfast he found a gallows standing before his house. He went to New York to start an anti-slavery society and was driven from the hall by a mob. In Philadelphia the building was burned and the riots lasted three days. But his courage was unflinching and nothing could stop him.

"I will be heard!" he declared over and over again.

In spite of all this opposition the army of emancipation was growing and its general was William Lloyd Garrison. It was he who enlisted Whittier, the poet of the cause, and Wendell Phillips, its orator. It was he who called together delegates from nearly all the free states to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. They adopted the Declaration of Sentiments Garrison wrote, in the very city where not so long before another Declaration had been written and adopted. He was for over twenty years its president. With all this other work he

never dropped the *Liberator,* never ceased to hammer away at the fetters of the slaves.

In 1840 a world's anti-slavery convention was held in London. A number of delegates were sent from different societies in this country—Lucretia Mott, Henry B. Stanton who was on his honeymoon,[1] Wendell Phillips and his wife, and of course Garrison. He arrived after the others and was amazed at the news that greeted him.

"The ladies are not admitted to the meetings. They were told they might sit in the gallery and hear what they could. Yes, Phillips protested with all his eloquence. They discussed it for hours. But our English friends say woman's place is in the home, and their votes were overwhelming—against the ladies!"

"Then I will sit in the gallery too," announced Garrison.

"This will never do," cried the British when at every meeting he refused his seat on the floor of the convention. "The founder of the greatest anti-slavery movement of this century hidden away behind the curtains in the gallery? Why, that's like *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out. Let's send him a special invitation."

"I stay with the ladies," replied Garrison firmly.

For weary years progress was so slow that people thought none was being made. But the 1850's were an exciting decade. More and more the question of slavery came to the front. Time after time Congress settled it—in 1820 and '50 and '54—

[1] See the chapter on Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the author's *Story of the Elizabeths.*

but it wouldn't stay settled. It was now the most important matter in the public mind.

Garrison saw clearly the truth that later Lincoln stated in his famous house-divided-against-itself speech: that freedom and slavery were natural enemies, that it was morally impossible for them to endure in the same nation, that the life of one could only be secured by the death of the other. He thought slavery would be abolished by dissolving the Union. But he did not see clearly what was to come—that the South would try this and fail, and in that failure slavery would die.

One after another events came thick and fast: the "squatter sovereignty" bill, the struggle to make Kansas free, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* the enforcing of the fugitive slave law, John Brown's raid, the Dred Scott decision, the election of Lincoln, South Carolina's secession, the firing on Fort Sumter. Garrison was opposed to war, but after April of '61 war was inevitable.

Now for the first time the *Liberator* changed its tone. Instead of hammering against slavery it began to plead with Lincoln to free the slaves. A stroke of his pen and it would be done. For a year and a half Garrison waited impatiently till the president felt the time was ripe for this step.

How he rejoiced when the proclamation of emancipation was issued! Thirty-five years he had given to this cause—thirty-five years of untiring, heroic work. And success came while he was yet alive to witness it.

In April of 1865 Lincoln invited him to go to Charleston

for the raising of the stars and stripes over Fort Sumter, on the anniversary of its surrender. In that southern city Garrison found himself the hero of the hour.

Well the colored people knew about this man who first took up their cause, who had made their cause succeed. An ex-slave gave an address of welcome. Two girls presented a wreath of flowers. Children sang in his honor. Men and women cried and shouted, wild with joy.

With a voice that trembled as he tried to speak Garrison said, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be the glory for your emancipation. Thank Him this day that you are free."

A few months later with his own hands he set the type for a column of the *Liberator* announcing the official ratification of the amendment forever prohibiting slavery in the United States. This was the last issue.

"Keep on with your paper," urged some of his friends. "There's plenty to do for the negroes, now they're free. And there are other causes you could take up."

"No, no," answered Garrison, "the *Liberator's* accomplished what it set out to do. Its work is ended. I'm glad I know when to stop. Why, the truth is, I'm glad to stop. What will I do, you ask? My life won't be empty. I'll work to give the freedmen education and a fair show. I'll write and speak for this cause and that—for temperance, for woman's suffrage. I'm for her sharing in public affairs ever since I sat with the ladies in that London gallery."

There was the veteran editor, no longer a young man, out

of a job. He had no income, no savings to fall back upon. He had five children and a paralyzed wife. How would they live?

"We must look after Garrison," said Longfellow and Lowell, Sumner and Greeley, Emerson and others who knew something of the sacrifices he had made, of the long months when his salary was a dollar a day. They announced their plan through all the northern states and the money began to pour in. In a short time a purse of thirty thousand dollars was made up, a tribute to the man who had brought about emancipation—emancipation of the whites as well as of the blacks.

Garrison wasn't born in Boston and by chance didn't die there. But he lived in that city for two-thirds of his life and always claimed it as his home.

"A wild enthusiast," "a fanatic," "a public enemy," its staid and respectable people described him and dragged him through their streets with a rope about his neck.

"A bold and honest reformer," those same men said a few years later, "a prophet with a vision of universal justice. Let us put up a bronze statue of William Lloyd Garrison. Where? On Commonwealth Avenue."

On its base they carved the famous words of the *Liberator's* first issue: "I'll not retreat a single inch. And I will be heard!"

THE END